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PLANET COMICS

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in
"INVASION FROM URANUS"

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In this picture are several Fairyland Characters, and just below, are the names of each. Can you name them? It's easy! Untangle the letters and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the story book folks. For example, the letters "RPTEE APN," No. 2, when placed in right order spell "PETER PAN." You see him in the picture with his pipes playing a jolly tune.

1. TELTIL OB-EPEP
2. RPTEE APN
3. YHTUPM YDTUMP
4. EDR GNIIDR OOHD
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BILLY WADE, JUNIOR SALES CLUB 108, TOPEKA, KANSAS

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

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THE NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 10, JANUARY) WILL BE ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOV. 10th.

The RED COMET

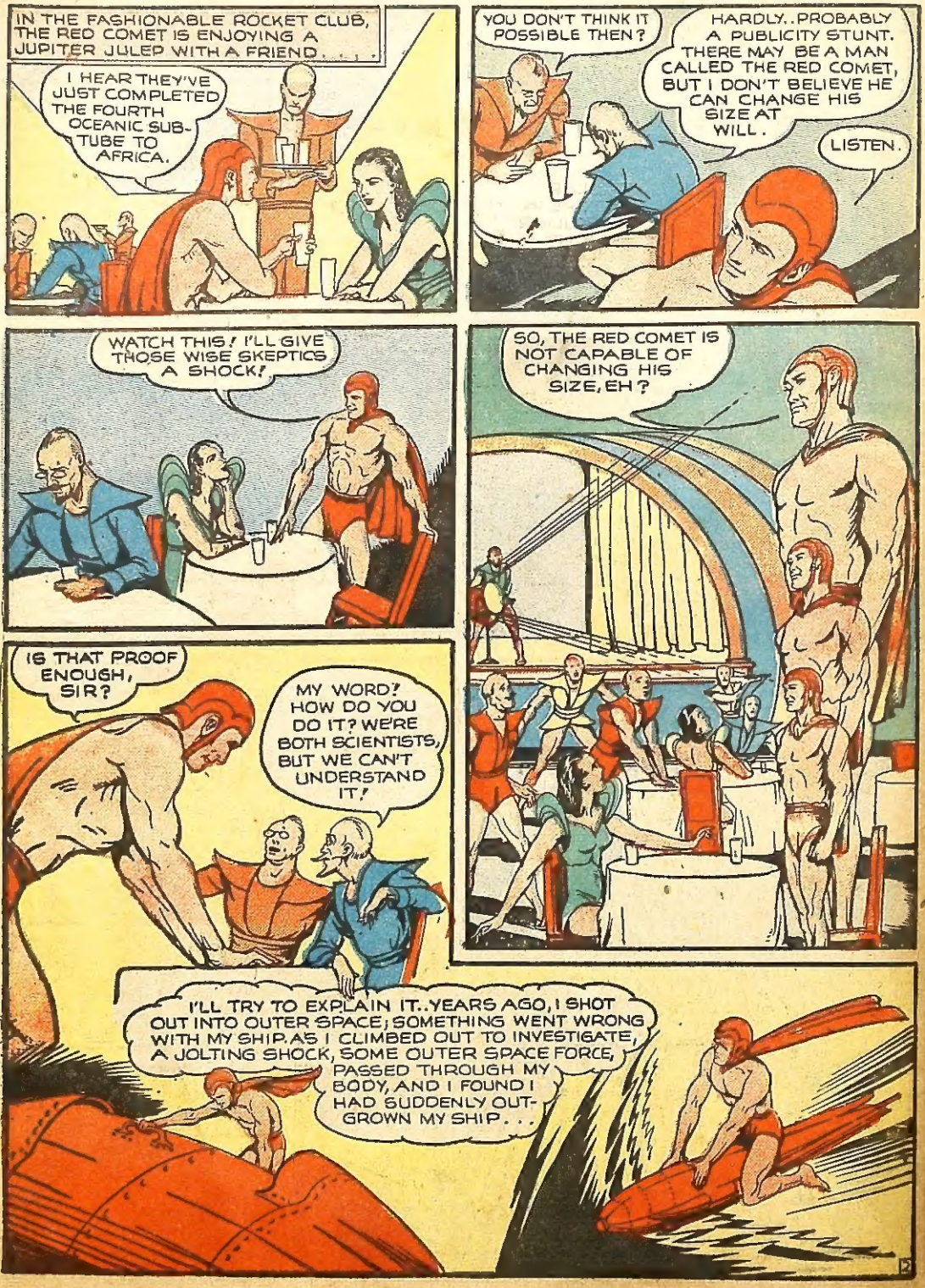
By Thomas Marlin

THE MYSTERY MAN OF SPACE REVEALS THE SECRET OF HIS AMAZING POWER OF CONTROLLED GROWTH..A NEW MENACE THREATENS EARTH FROM THE UNKNOWN VOID.

EARTH..THE YEAR 3000 A.D..THERE ARE NO CITIES TO INVITE WAR ATTACKS.... CENTERS OF COMMERCE, INDUSTRY, EDUCATION, RISE AT VAST DISTANCES FROM EACH OTHER. PEOPLE DWELL IN THE COUNTRY.

DIRECTORY
MOVIES- 1 to 20 FLOORS
THEATRES 22-N FLOORS
TENNIS 22-40
GOLF - 50-55
GYMS 55-60
NIGHT CLUBS - ROOF TERRACE

ALL AMUSEMENTS ARE CONCENTRATED IN ONE TOWERING BUILDING.

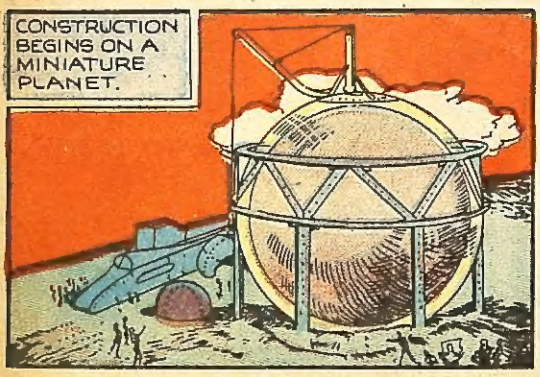

IN THE FASHIONABLE ROCKET CLUB, THE RED COMET IS ENJOYING A JUPITER JULEP WITH A FRIEND . . .
I HEAR THEY'VE JUST COMPLETED THE FOURTH OCEANIC SUB-TUBE TO AFRICA.
YOU DON'T THINK IT POSSIBLE THEN?
HARDLY..PROBABLY A PUBLICITY STUNT. THERE MAY BE A MAN CALLED THE RED COMET, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE HE CAN CHANGE HIS SIZE AT WILL.
LISTEN.
WATCH THIS! I'LL GIVE THOSE WISE SKEPTICS A SHOCK!
SO, THE RED COMET IS NOT CAPABLE OF CHANGING HIS SIZE, EH?
IS THAT PROOF ENOUGH, SIR?
MY WORD! HOW DO YOU DO IT? WE'RE BOTH SCIENTISTS, BUT WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!
I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN IT..YEARS AGO, I SHOT OUT INTO OUTER SPACE; SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH MY SHIP. AS I CLIMBED OUT TO INVESTIGATE, A JOLTING SHOCK, SOME OUTER SPACE FORCE, PASSED THROUGH MY BODY, AND I FOUND I HAD SUDDENLY OUT-GROWN MY SHIP . . .

JUST AS SUDDENLY, I RETURNED TO NORMAL SIZE..WHEN I RETURNED TO OUR "SYSTEM" I FOUND I COULD THINK MYSELF INTO BEING GIGANTIC, OR VERY SMALL. THAT FORCE ACTED ON MY MOLECULAR STRUCTURE IN SOME PECULIAR WAY MAKING IT ALMOST ELASTIC!

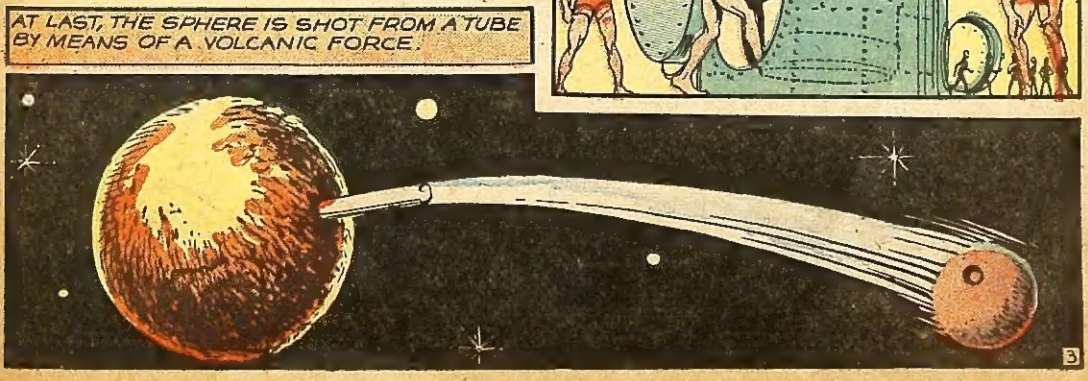
WONDERFUL! YOU'RE JUST THE MAN TO HELP US, IF YOU WILL..A NEW DANGER THREATENS EARTH!

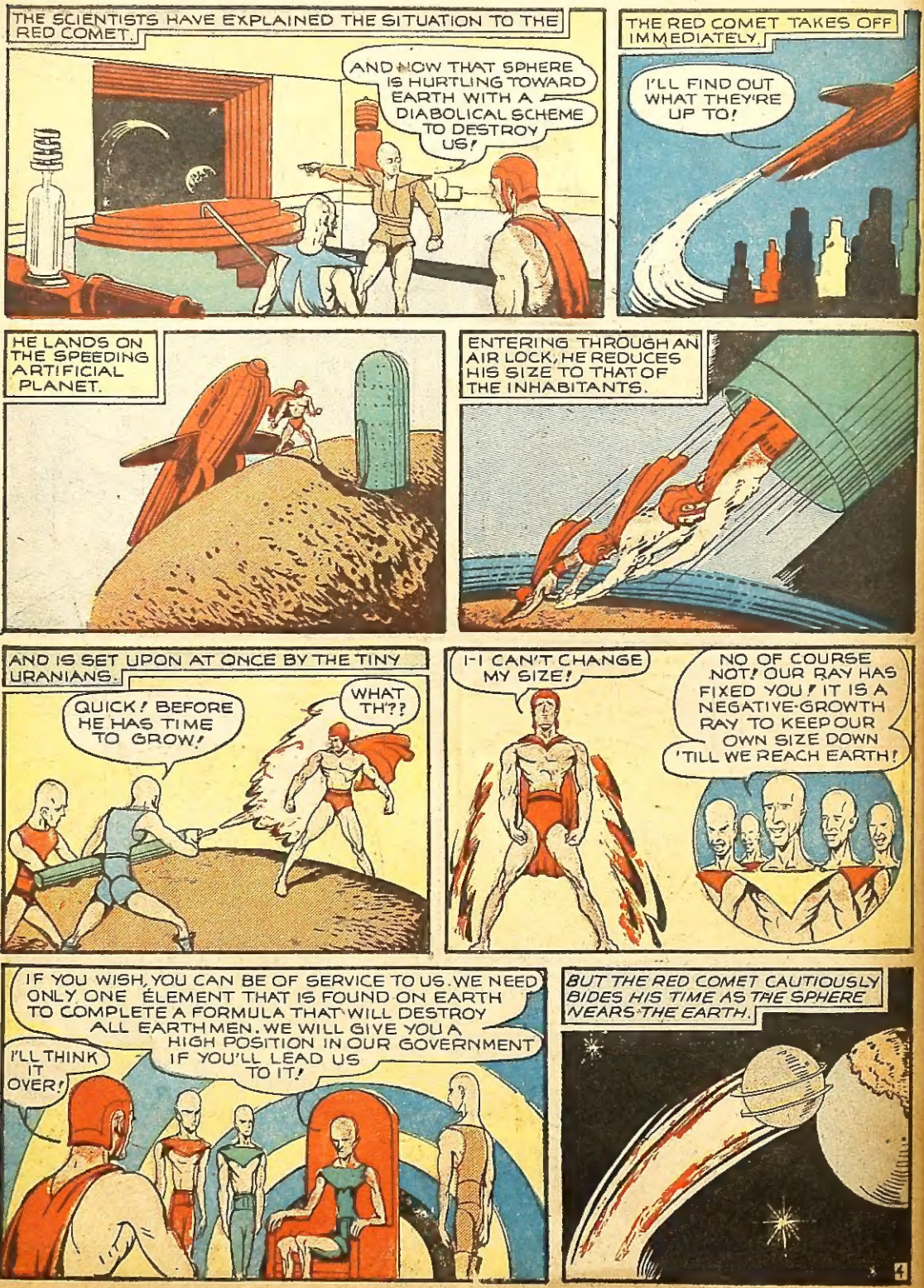
OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO THE PLANET URANOS, SEVERAL YEARS BEFORE.
I TELL YOU, FELLOW URANIANS, OUR PLANET IS DOOMED!

WE MUST FIND A NEW LAND FOR OUR GROWING POPULACE..OUR RESOURCES ARE ALMOST GONE.. I HAVE A PLAN TO TRANSPORT ALL OUR PEOPLE AT ONCE, AND I SUGGEST THAT WE INVADE EARTH!


CONSTRUCTION BEGINS ON A MINIATURE PLANET.

THE URANIANS ARE PUT INTO A COMPRESSION MACHINE WHICH REDUCES THEM TO A SIZE SMALL ENOUGH TO LIVE ON THE TINY SPHERE.

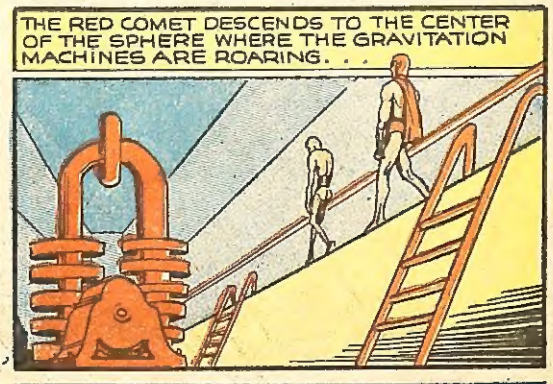

AT LAST, THE SPHERE IS SHOT FROM A TUBE BY MEANS OF A VOLCANIC FORCE.


THE SCIENTISTS HAVE EXPLAINED THE SITUATION TO THE RED COMET.
AND NOW THAT SPHERE IS HURTLING TOWARD EARTH WITH A DIABOLICAL SCHEME TO DESTROY US!
THE RED COMET TAKES OFF IMMEDIATELY.
I'LL FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!
HE LANDS ON THE SPEEDING ARTIFICIAL PLANET.
ENTERING THROUGH AN AIR LOCK, HE REDUCES HIS SIZE TO THAT OF THE INHABITANTS.
AND IS SET UPON AT ONCE BY THE TINY URANIANS.
QUICK! BEFORE HE HAS TIME TO GROW!
WHAT TH??
I-I CAN'T CHANGE MY SIZE!
NO OF COURSE NOT! OUR RAY HAS FIXED YOU! IT IS A NEGATIVE-GROWTH RAY TO KEEP OUR OWN SIZE DOWN 'TILL WE REACH EARTH!
IF YOU WISH, YOU CAN BE OF SERVICE TO US. WE NEED ONLY ONE ELEMENT THAT IS FOUND ON EARTH TO COMPLETE A FORMULA THAT WILL DESTROY ALL EARTHMEN. WE WILL GIVE YOU A HIGH POSITION IN OUR GOVERNMENT IF YOU'LL LEAD US TO IT!
I'LL THINK IT OVER!
BUT THE RED COMET CAUTIOUSLY BIDES HIS TIME AS THE SPHERE NEARS THE EARTH.
4

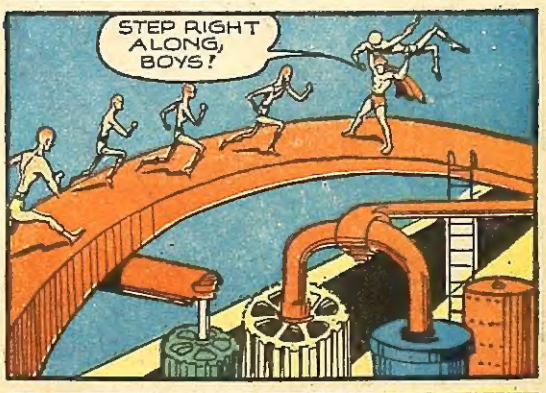
ONE DAY..
WHAT'S THIS? HMM... THIS MAY BE THE SOLUTION.

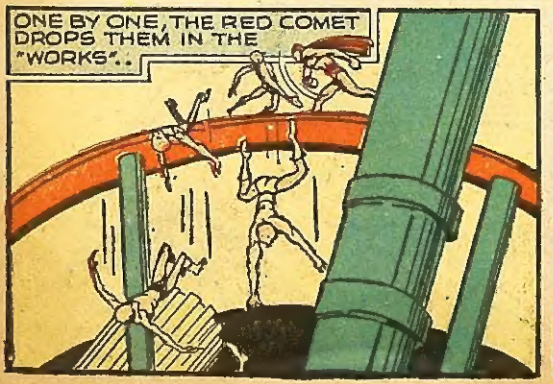
TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU NEED THOSE HELMETS FOR?

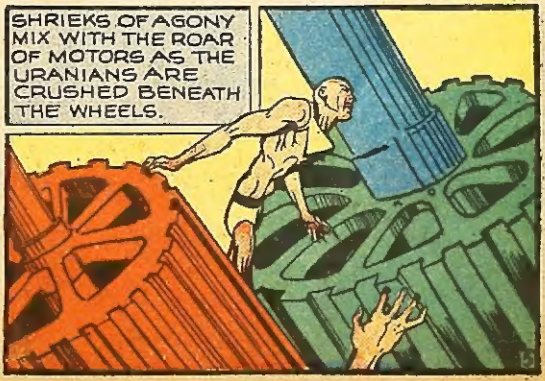
OUR LUNGS CANNOT STAND THE OXYGEN IN THE AIR.. IT WOULD BURN US UP!
YOU MEAN THAT OXYGEN WILL KILL YOU?
YES!

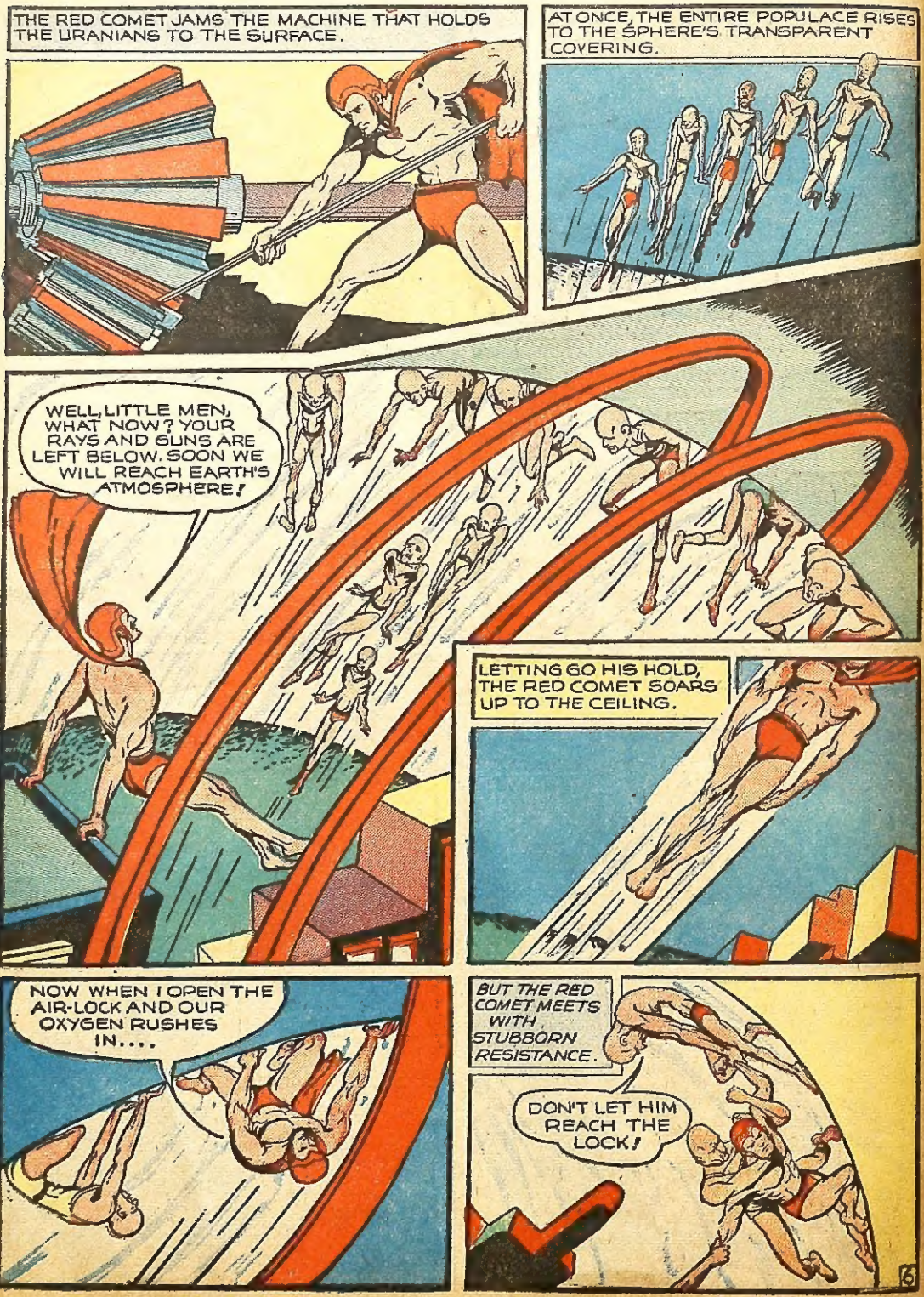

THE RED COMET DESCENDS TO THE CENTER OF THE SPHERE WHERE THE GRAVITATION MACHINES ARE ROARING. . .

BUT A GUARD SPIES HIM.
SEIZE THE EARTH MAN!


STEP RIGHT ALONG, BOYS!


ONE BY ONE, THE RED COMET DROPS THEM IN THE "WORKS"..

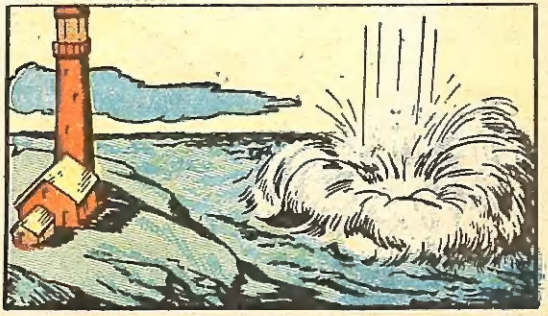

SHRIEKS OF AGONY MIX WITH THE ROAR OF MOTORS AS THE URANIANS ARE CRUSHED BENEATH THE WHEELS.


THE RED COMET JAMS THE MACHINE THAT HOLDS THE URANIANS TO THE SURFACE.
AT ONCE, THE ENTIRE POPULACE RISES TO THE SPHERE'S TRANSPARENT COVERING.
WELL, LITTLE MEN, WHAT NOW? YOUR RAYS AND GUNS ARE LEFT BELOW. SOON WE WILL REACH EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE!
LETTING GO HIS HOLD, THE RED COMET SOARS UP TO THE CEILING.
NOW WHEN I OPEN THE AIR-LOCK AND OUR OXYGEN RUSHES IN....
BUT THE RED COMET MEETS WITH STUBBORN RESISTANCE.
DON'T LET HIM REACH THE LOCK!
6

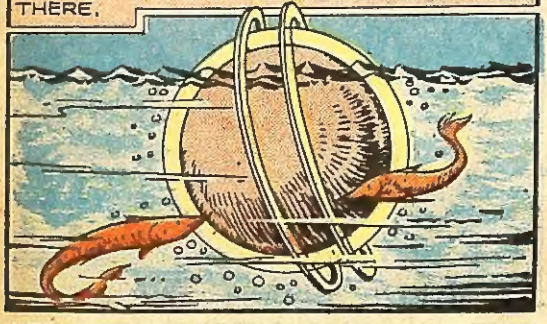
THE RED COMET RIPS INTO THE URANIANS WITH JAW-BREAKING BLOWS.

HE RACES ALONG THE GLASS DOME TO THE AIR-LOCK THAT HOLDS THE COVERING TOGETHER.

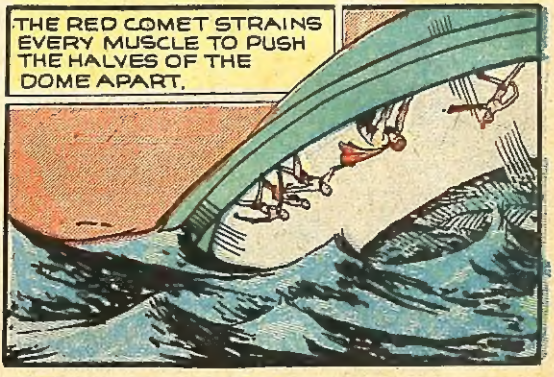
AT THAT MOMENT, THE SPHERE PLUNGES INTO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.



IT DROPS TO THE BOTTOM, BUT QUICKLY BOBS UP TO THE SURFACE AND FLOATS THERE.



THE RED COMET STRAINS EVERY MUSCLE TO PUSH THE HALVES OF THE DOME APART.



AT LAST, IT IS DONE.. A GREAT RUSH OF AIR SWEEPS INTO THE SPHERE.

AS THE RED COMET EMERGES, THE POSITIVE ELECTRO WAVES OF THE ATMOSPHERE FREES HIM FROM THE NEGATIVE-GROWTH RAYS.

THE URANIANS ARE BURNED AND CRUSHED BY THE ATMOSHERIC PRESSURE. . . . . .

THIS SHOULD MAKE A NICE SOUVENIR OF MY TRIP!

WITH A FLYING LEAP THE GIANT RED COMET SKIMS FROM THE COAST TO THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING WHERE WASHINGTON D.C. USED TO BE.

LET IT STAND AS AN INTERESTING MECHANICAL SPECIMEN.. PERHAPS WE CAN LEARN SOMETHING FROM OTHER PLANETS.

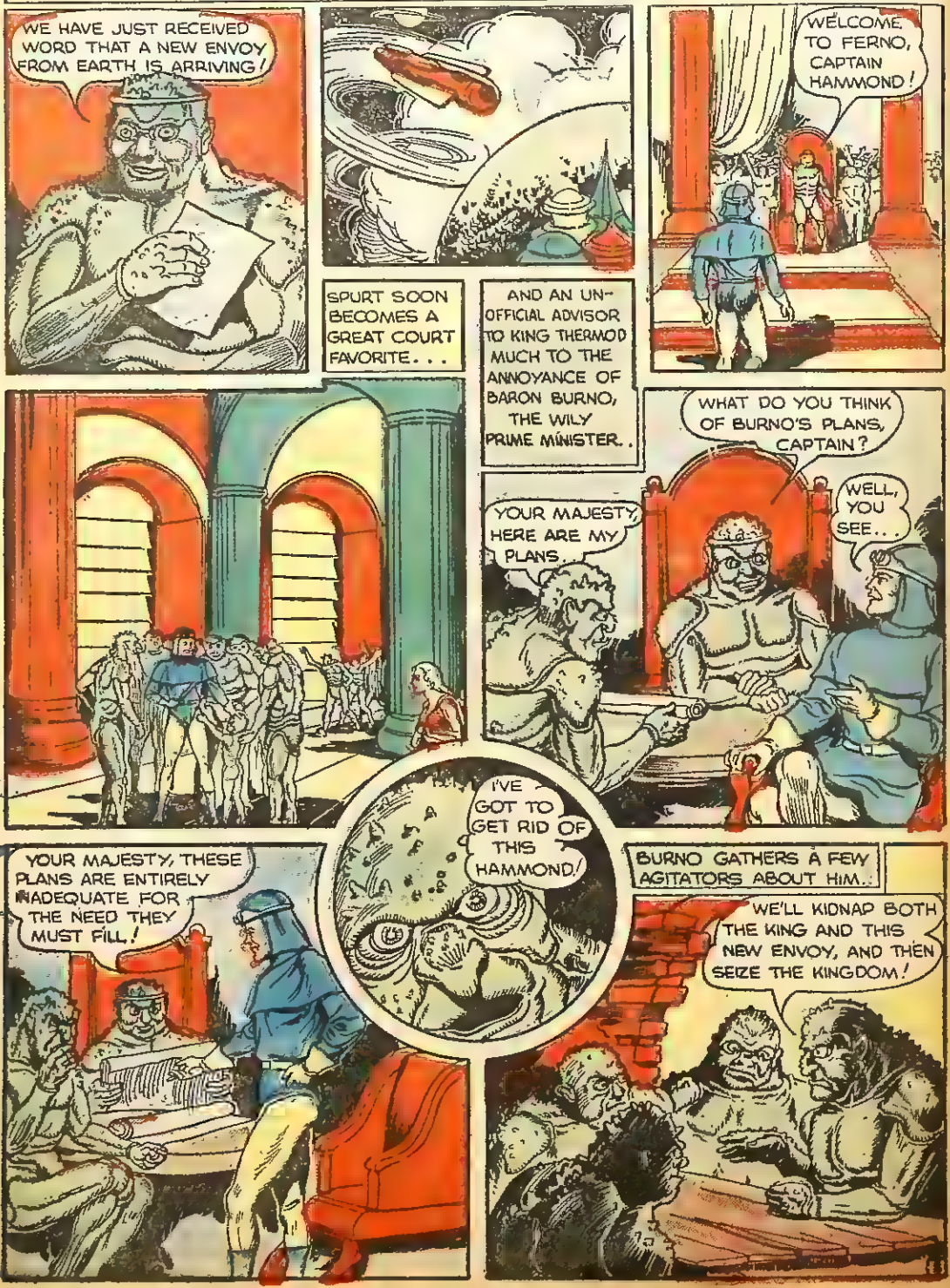
AND FROM ALL OVER THE FACE OF THE EARTH, SCIENTISTS AND ENGINEERS COME TO STUDY THE INGENIOUS GLOBE.

LATER AT THE ROCKET CLUB, THE RED COMET REJOINS HIS FRIEND

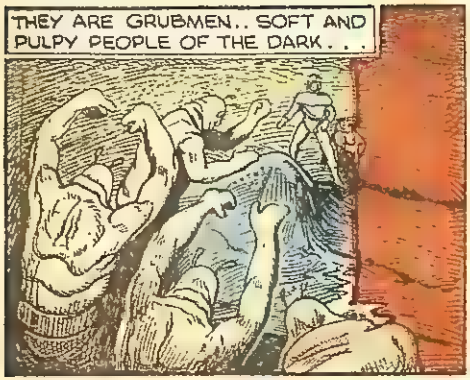
IN THE NEXT ISSUE, THE RED COMET MEETS WITH MORE ADVENTURES.

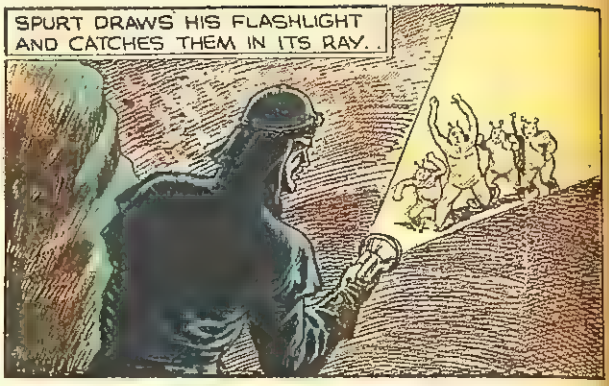
SPURT HAMMOND
BY
ORSON HERR
CAPTAIN HAMMOND, HERE ARE YOUR CREDENTIALS ACCREDITING YOU TO THE PLANET MURCURY!
FORMER CAPTAIN IN THE U.S AIR FORCES NOW PILOTS AN INTER-PLANETARY ROCKET BETWEEN EARTH AND THE INHABITATED PLANETS. . . . . SO SUCCESSFUL IS HE THAT THE GOVERNMENT OF THE EARTH DECIDES TO SEND HIM AS ITS AMBASSADOR TO THE PLANET MERCURY. . . . . .
BECAUSE OF THE TERRIFIC HEAT ON MERCURY SPURT MUST BE ACCLIMATED TO 2000° FAHRENHEIT. .
WHILE YOU ARE UNCONSCIOUS YOUR TEMPERATURE WILL GRADUALLY RISE IN THIS OVEN!
SPURT IS NOW SO HARDENED TO HEAT, THAT HE CAN WITHSTAND ANY AMOUNT OF IT. .
THIS HEAT RAY REACHES 4000 DEGREES!
WITH TERRIFIC SPEED SPURT'S ROCKET IS SHOT INTO SPACE.

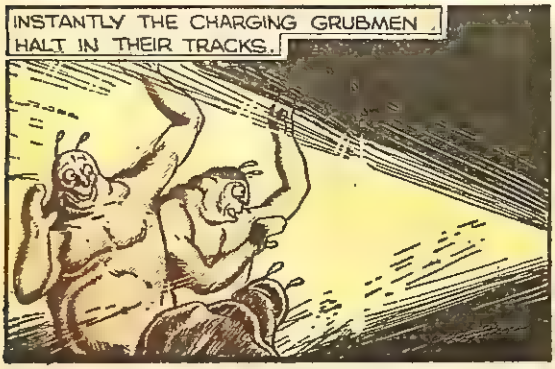
ON FERNO THE HOT SIDE OF MERCURY, LIVE THE HARD-SKINNED FERNO MEN, RULED BY KING THERMOD.

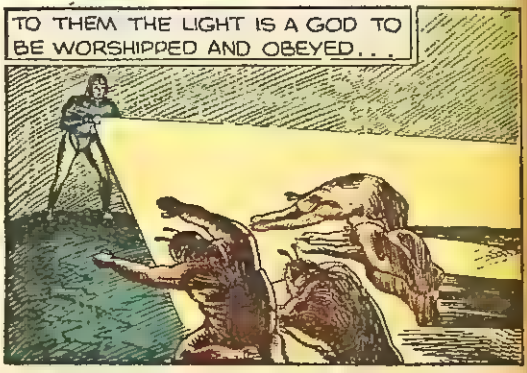

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT A NEW ENVOY FROM EARTH IS ARRIVING!
WELCOME TO FERNO, CAPTAIN HAMMOND!
SPURT SOON BECOMES A GREAT COURT FAVORITE...
AND AN UN-OFFICIAL ADVISOR TO KING THERMOD MUCH TO THE ANNOYANCE OF BARON BURNO, THE WILY PRIME MINISTER..
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BURNO'S PLANS, CAPTAIN?
YOUR MAJESTY, HERE ARE MY PLANS.
WELL, YOU SEE...
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS HAMMOND!
YOUR MAJESTY, THESE PLANS ARE ENTIRELY INADEQUATE FOR THE NEED THEY MUST FILL!
BURNO GATHERS A FEW AGITATORS ABOUT HIM..
WE'LL KIDNAP BOTH THE KING AND THIS NEW ENVOY, AND THEN SEIZE THE KINGDOM!

THAT NIGHT THE CONSPIRATORS CREEP INTO THE PALACE AND SEIZE THEIR VICTIMS..
FOLLOW ME, MEN! I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE KING'S PRIVATE QUARTERS!
HELP!
COME AND GET ME, BOYS!
SPURT AND THERMOD ARE LOADED INTO A ROCKET..
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, BURNO!
WE'RE GOING TO MAROON YOU TWO ON THE WASTES OF ZERO!
ZERO IS A BARREN LAND OF ETERNAL DARKNESS ON THE FAR SIDE OF MERCURY..
WE ARE LOST! THE SUN NEVER REACHES HERE.. NO MAN CAN LIVE IN THIS DAMPNESS AND GLOOM!
LOOK!
THERMOD, FAILING FAST, FINALLY MANAGES TO UNTIE SPURT...
SUDDENLY, STRANGE SHAPELESS FIGURES APPEAR IN THE MURK.

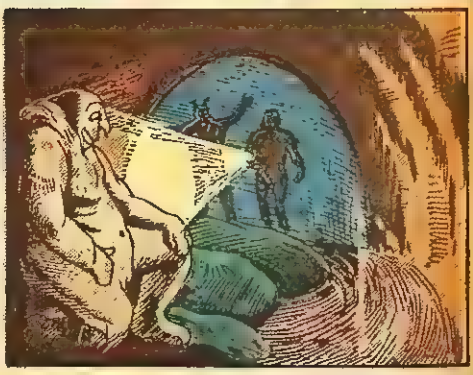

THEY ARE GRUBMEN.. SOFT AND PULPY PEOPLE OF THE DARK...


SPURT DRAWS HIS FLASHLIGHT AND CATCHES THEM IN ITS RAY..


INSTANTLY THE CHARGING GRUBMEN HALT IN THEIR TRACKS.

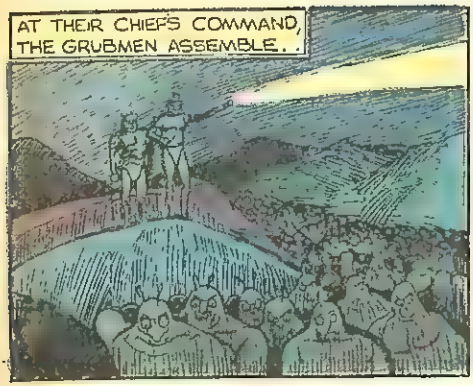

TO THEM THE LIGHT IS A GOD TO BE WORSHIPPED AND OBEYED...

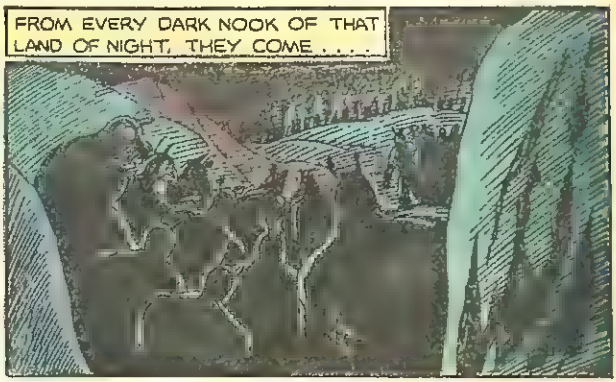
ARISE..TAKE ME TO YOUR CHIEF..FEAR NOT!

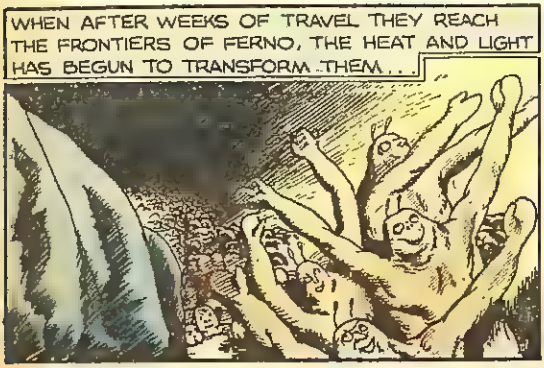


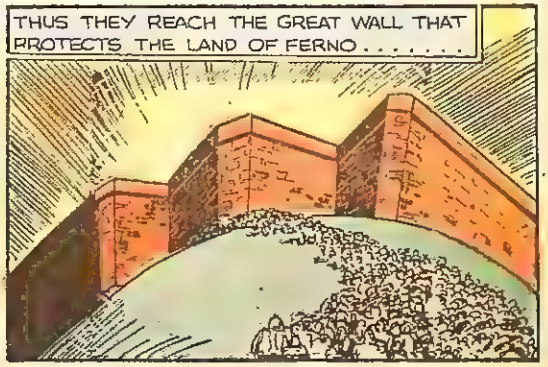
BEHOLD! A GOD WHO WILL AID YOU IF YOU OBEY HIM!

SO BE IT!
CHIEF, I WANT YOUR PEOPLE TO FOLLOW ME.. IT IS THE WILL OF THE NEW GOD!
4

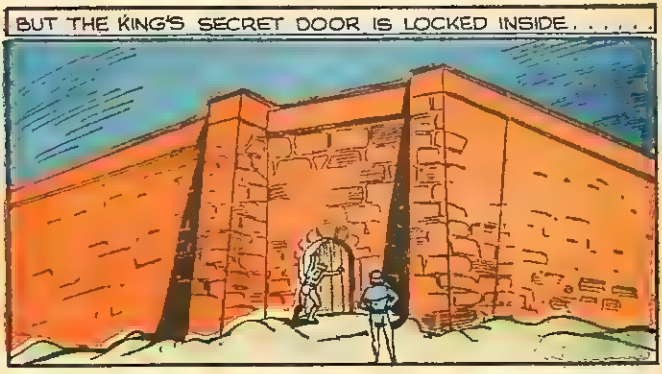

AT THEIR CHIEF'S COMMAND, THE GRUBMEN ASSEMBLE..

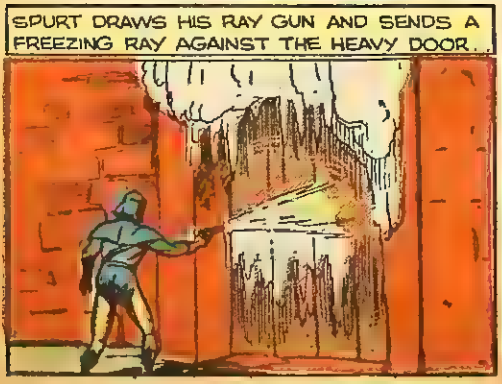

FROM EVERY DARK NOOK OF THAT LAND OF NIGHT, THEY COME....

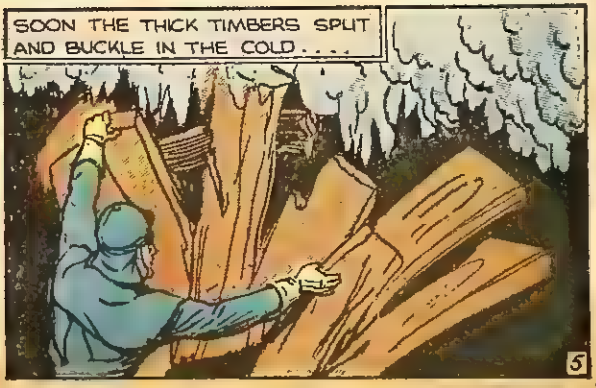

WHEN AFTER WEEKS OF TRAVEL THEY REACH THE FRONTIERS OF FERNO, THE HEAT AND LIGHT HAS BEGUN TO TRANSFORM THEM..


THUS THEY REACH THE GREAT WALL THAT PROTECTS THE LAND OF FERNO.....

I HAVE MY OWN SECRET ENTRANCE INTO THE CITY.. COME!


BUT THE KING'S SECRET DOOR IS LOCKED INSIDE.....


SPURT DRAWS HIS RAY GUN AND SENDS A FREEZING RAY AGAINST THE HEAVY DOOR..


SOON THE THICK TIMBERS SPLIT AND BUCKLE IN THE COLD....
5

SPURT DASHES THRU AND OVERCOMES BURNO'S GUARDS...
THE ONCE SOFT GRUBMEN, NOW MADE STRONG BY THE SUN, FOLLOW.....
THE FERNOMACS FLEE IN PANIC BEFORE THE GRUBMEN....
YOU!
BUT SPURT MAKES STRAIGHT FOR THE THRONE ROOM...
JUST A MOMENT BARON BURNO!
SAM!
AND NOW SPURT RESTORES THERMOD TO HIS THRONE..
KING THERMOD, THESE GRUBMEN ARE NOW YOUR SUBJECTS! RULE THEM AS WISELY AS YOU HAVE YOUR OWN AND THEY WILL REPAY YOU WITH THEIR LOYALTY!
I PROMISE, SPURT HAMMOND

Gale ALLEN

BY Fred Nelson

GALE ALLEN

JACK NORTH

BLAGA DARU

IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO GAIN REVENGE UPON *GALE ALLEN*, BLAGA DARU ATTACKS HER IMPREGNABLE STRONGHOLD ON VENUS.....

A FIGURE HURRIEDLY APPROACHES BLAGA DARU'S QUARTERS ON EARTH.....

AND EXPLAINS HIS MISSION TO BLAGA DARU.....

SIRE, I HAVE LOCATED GALE ALLEN!! QUEEN ZENA HAS PUT HER IN CHARGE OF THE ENTIRE VENUSIAN ARMY!

ENOUGH! WE'LL ATTACK AT ONCE, DISGUISED AS PIRATES!

BUT, SIRE, THE FORT IS CONSIDERED UNBREAKABLE!

BUT DARU GOES AHEAD WITH HIS PREPARATIONS.....

ROLL OUT THREE SPACE SHIPS AT ONCE!!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, DARU'S SHIPS LEAVE... BEARING NO INSIGNIA OF ANY KIND.....

MEANWHILE, IN THE FORTRESS ON VENUS, GALE WATCHES THEIR ARRIVAL IN A SPACE VIEW.....
LIEUTENANT, TELL THE FIRST SQUAD TO STAND IN READINESS!
YES, CAPTAIN ALLEN!
SUDDENLY, GALE HEARS THE SOUND OF SHOTS.
THEY'VE ATTACKED!!
ZOOMING AND DIVING, THE THREE SHIPS BOMB THE FORT.....
AGAIN AND AGAIN THEY ATTACK..

GALE RUSHES TO HER SHIP.....

AND ORDERS HER FLEET SHOT FROM ITS HANGAR AT ONCE...

THEIR SHIPS BEAR NO MARKINGS! I WONDER WHO THEY ARE!?

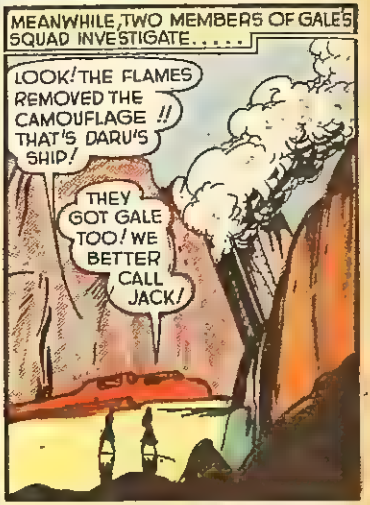
ABOVE THE CLOUDS THAT ENSHROUD THE PLANET, THE FIGHTING SHIPS MEET FOR A RAGING BATTLE.....

AS BLAGA DARU'S SHIP BURSTS INTO FLAMES, HE TURNS IT AWAY FROM VENUS.....

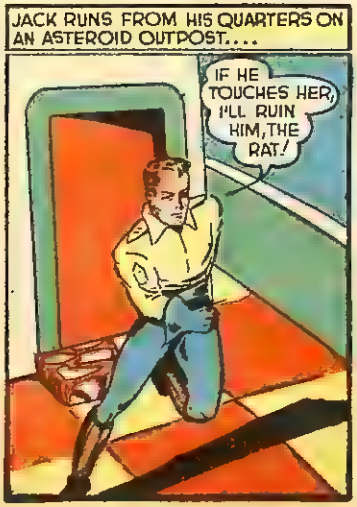
I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM AND FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE FROM!

GALE LANDS ON A PLANETOID BESIDE THE WRECKED SHIP, BUT THERE IS NO ONE THERE.....
THEY MUST HAVE GONE INTO THIS CAVE! HEY, THERE!!
HEARING NOTHING MORE, GALE VENTURES INTO THE CAVE. SUDDENLY, A GATE CLANKS DOWN BEHIND HER.....
WHAT'S THAT?!
AND, JUST AS SUDDENLY, A TRAP DOOR GIVES WAY, DROPPING HER INTO A CHUTE.....
OH!

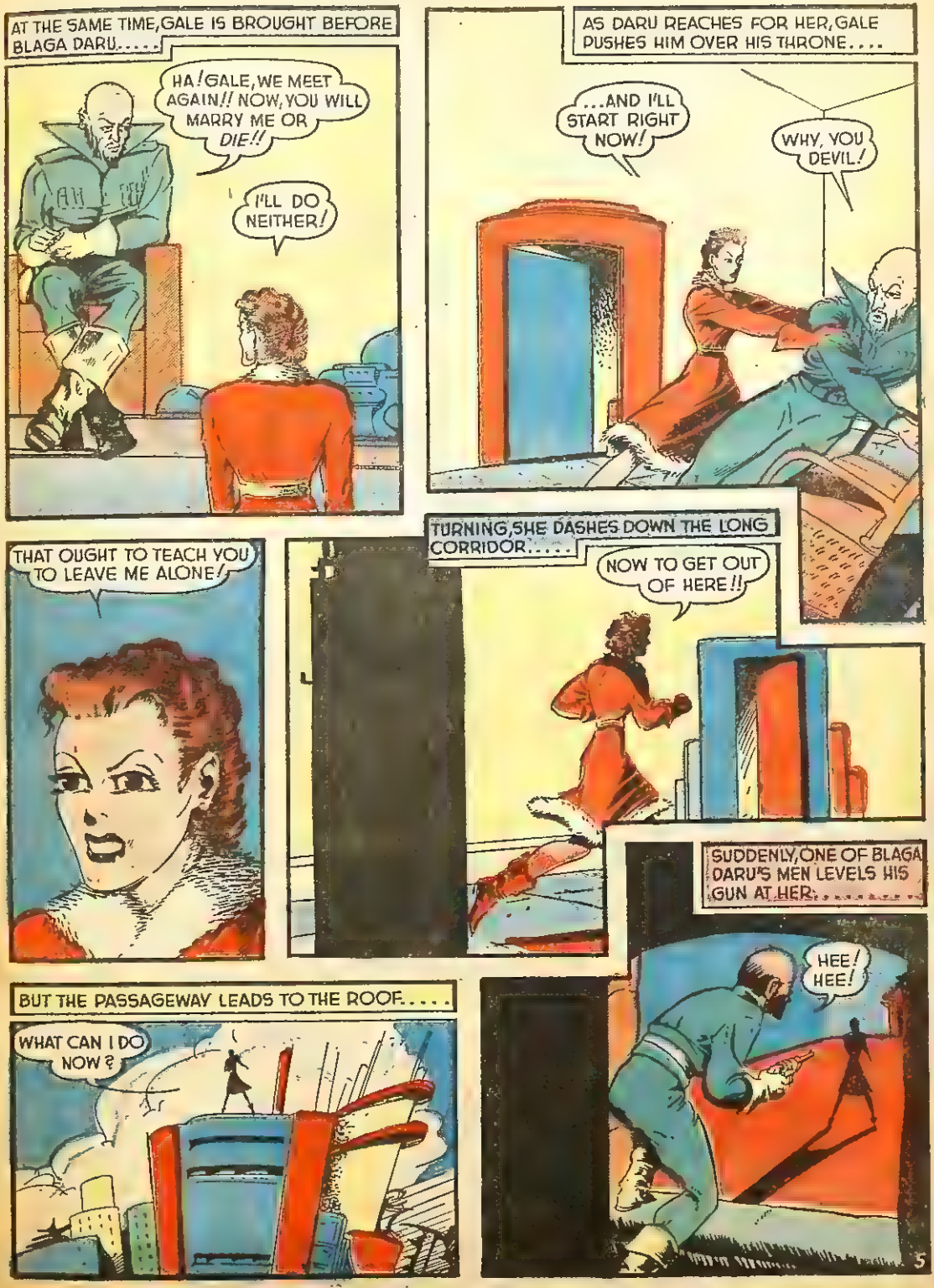
RECEIVING NO ANSWER, GALE FIRES INTO THE CAVE.....
OOOOW
OW!


MEANWHILE, TWO MEMBERS OF GALE'S SQUAD INVESTIGATE.....
LOOK! THE FLAMES REMOVED THE CAMOUFLAGE !! THAT'S DARU'S SHIP!
THEY GOT GALE TOO! WE BETTER CALL JACK!

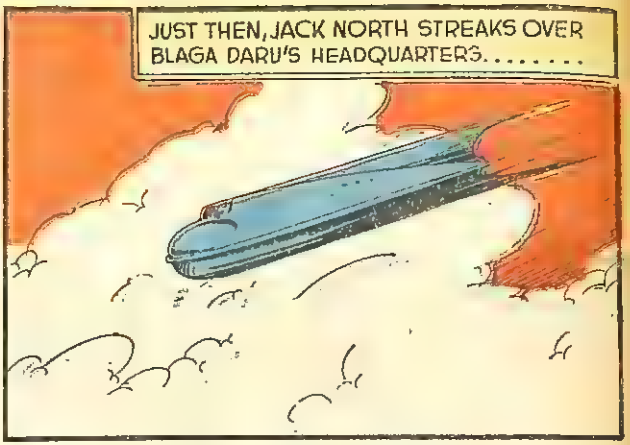
RETURNING TO HER SHIP, GALE'S LIEUTENANT CALLS JACK NORTH!
AND SHE FOLLOWED THEM INTO A CAVE! IT MUST BE A TRAP!

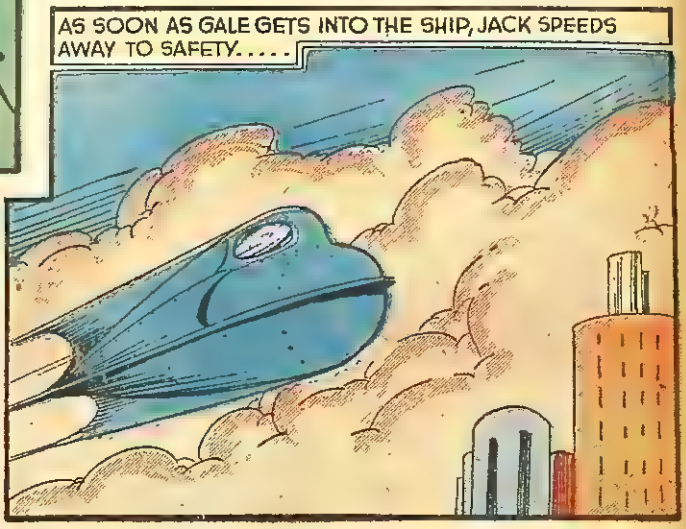

JACK RUNS FROM HIS QUARTERS ON AN ASTEROID OUTPOST....
IF HE TOUCHES HER, I'LL RUIN HIM, THE RAT!

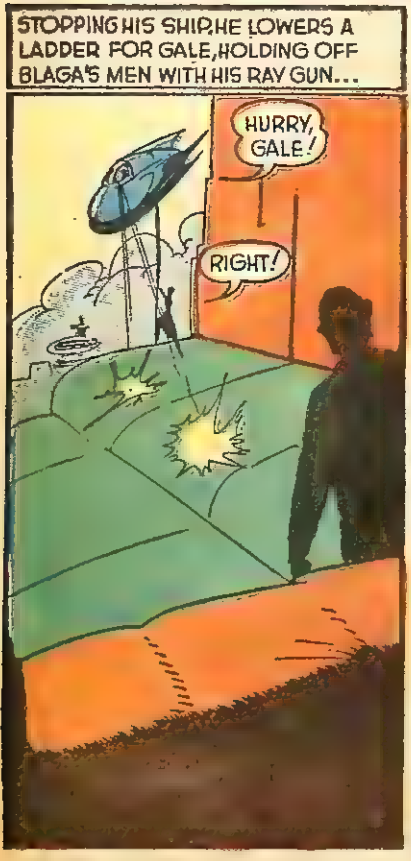
A MOMENT LATER, HE IS HEADING AT FULL SPEED FOR DARU'S SECRET HIDE-OUT, FOLLOWING THE DIRECTIONS GIVEN HIM BY GALE'S LIEUTENANT. . .


AT THE SAME TIME, GALE IS BROUGHT BEFORE BLAGA DARU.....
HA! GALE, WE MEET AGAIN!! NOW, YOU WILL MARRY ME OR DIE!!
I'LL DO NEITHER!
AS DARU REACHES FOR HER, GALE PUSHES HIM OVER HIS THRONE....
...AND I'LL START RIGHT NOW!
WHY, YOU DEVIL!
THAT OUGHT TO TEACH YOU TO LEAVE ME ALONE!
TURNING, SHE DASHES DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR.....
NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!!
SUDDENLY, ONE OF BLAGA DARU'S MEN LEVELS HIS GUN AT HER.....
HEE! HEE!
BUT THE PASSAGEWAY LEADS TO THE ROOF.....
WHAT CAN I DO NOW?
5

BUT BLAGA NOTICES THIS ACTION AND CALLS OUT...
NO! I WANT HER ALIVE!!


JUST THEN, JACK NORTH STREAKS OVER BLAGA DARU'S HEADQUARTERS.....


AS SOON AS GALE GETS INTO THE SHIP, JACK SPEEDS AWAY TO SAFETY.....

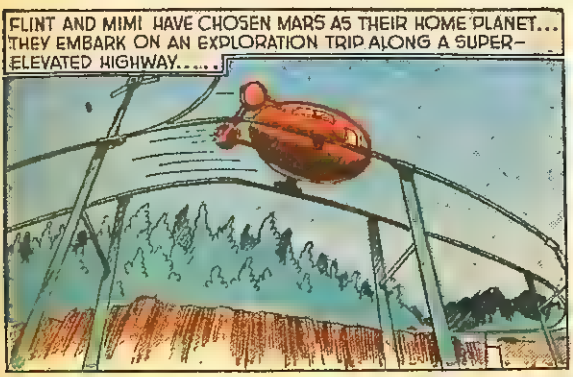

STOPPING HIS SHIP, HE LOWERS A LADDER FOR GALE, HOLDING OFF BLAGA'S MEN WITH HIS RAY GUN...
HURRY, GALE!
RIGHT!

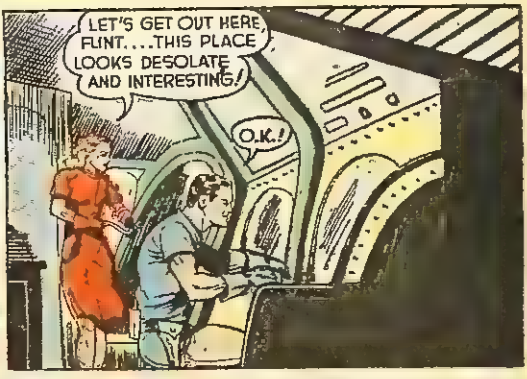
THANKS, JACK!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GALE, I'M GETTING USED TO IT!
6
ANOTHER GALE ALLEN ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS....

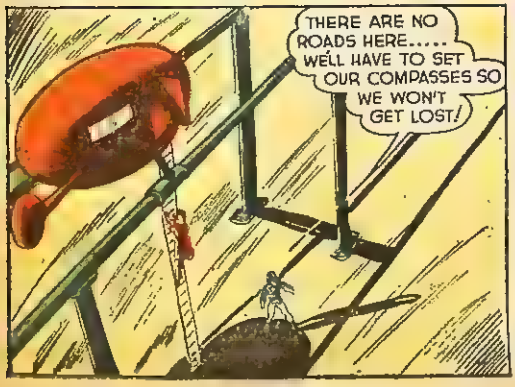
FLINT BAKER

PLANET EXPLORER..

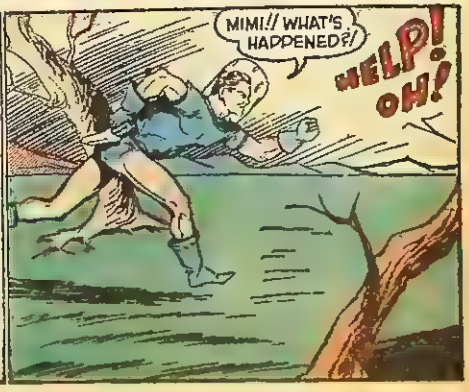
BY STARR GAYZA

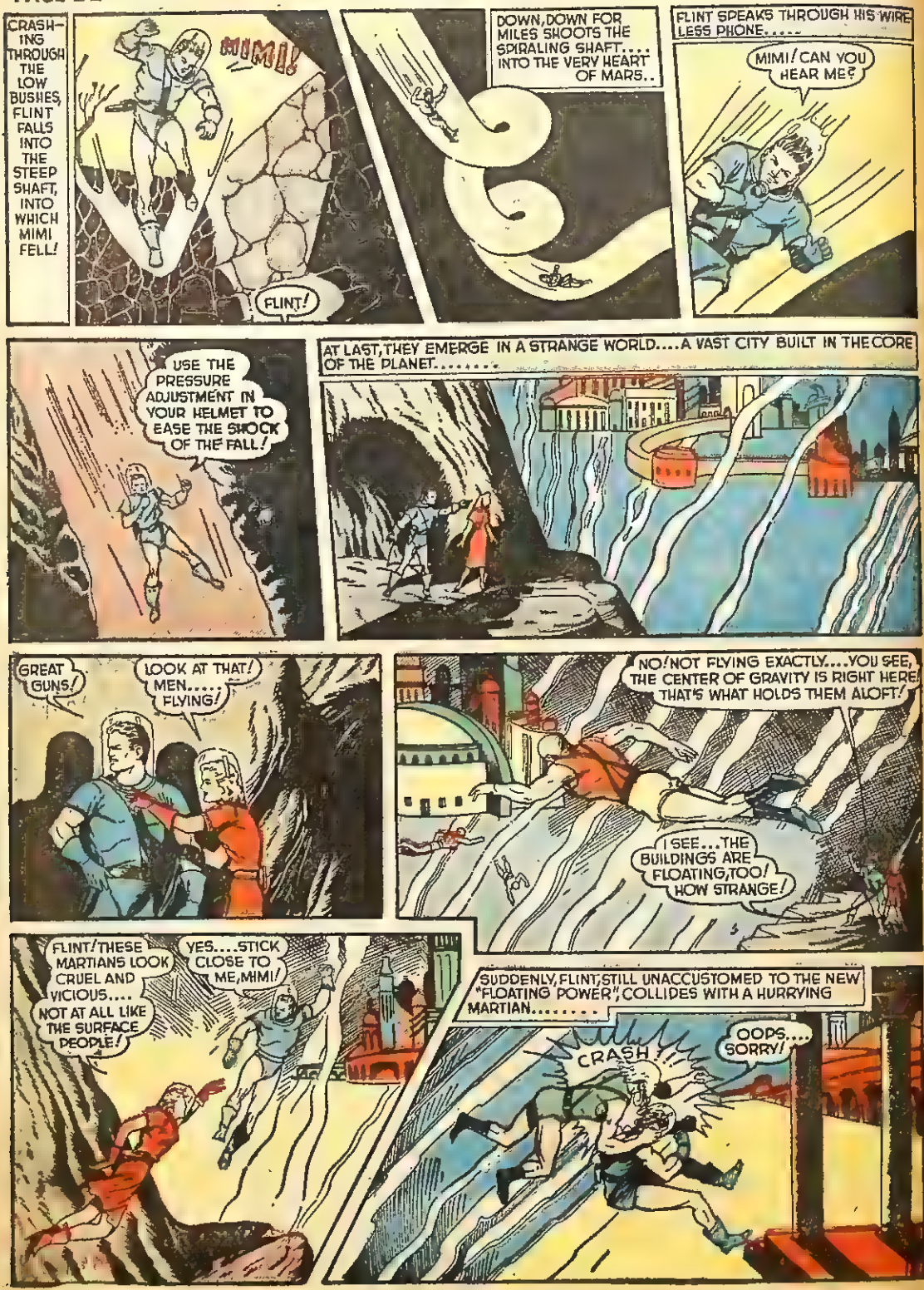


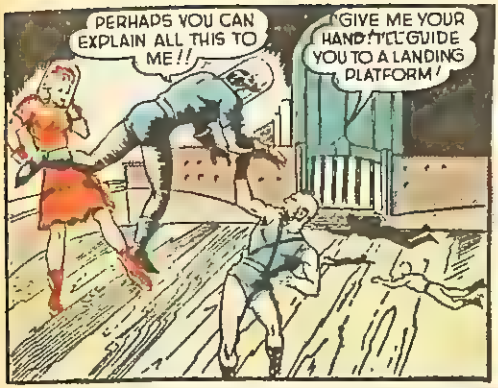


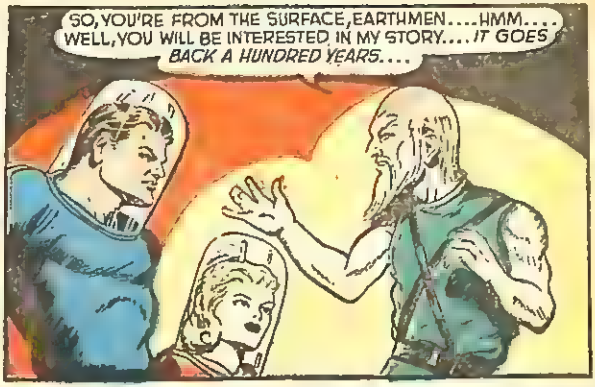


AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF AIMLESS WANDERING, FLINT IS STARTLED BY MIMI'S FRANTIC CRY A FEW YARDS AHEAD!

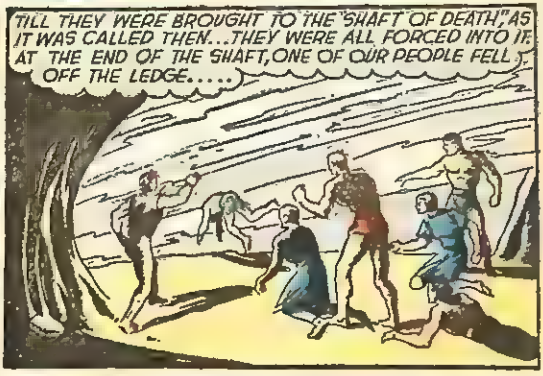


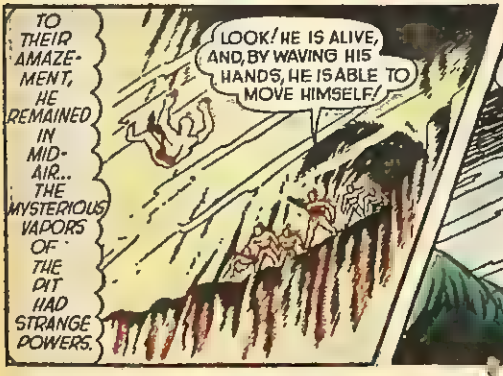

CRASHING THROUGH THE LOW BUSHES, FLINT FALLS INTO THE STEEP SHAFT, INTO WHICH MIMI FELL!
MIMI!
FLINT!
DOWN, DOWN FOR MILES SHOOTS THE SPIRALING SHAFT.... INTO THE VERY HEART OF MARS..
FLINT SPEAKS THROUGH HIS WIRELESS PHONE.....
MIMI! CAN YOU HEAR ME?
USE THE PRESSURE ADJUSTMENT IN YOUR HELMET TO EASE THE SHOCK OF THE FALL!
AT LAST, THEY EMERGE IN A STRANGE WORLD....A VAST CITY BUILT IN THE CORE OF THE PLANET.....
GREAT GUNS!
LOOK AT THAT! MEN..... FLYING!
NO! NOT FLYING EXACTLY....YOU SEE, THE CENTER OF GRAVITY IS RIGHT HERE! THAT'S WHAT HOLDS THEM ALOFT!
I SEE...THE BUILDINGS ARE FLOATING, TOO! HOW STRANGE!
FLINT! THESE MARTIANS LOOK CRUEL AND VICIOUS.... NOT AT ALL LIKE THE SURFACE PEOPLE!
YES....STICK CLOSE TO ME, MIMI!
SUDDENLY, FLINT, STILL UNACCUSTOMED TO THE NEW "FLOATING POWER," COLLIDES WITH A HURRYING MARTIAN.....
CRASH!!!
OOPS.... SORRY!

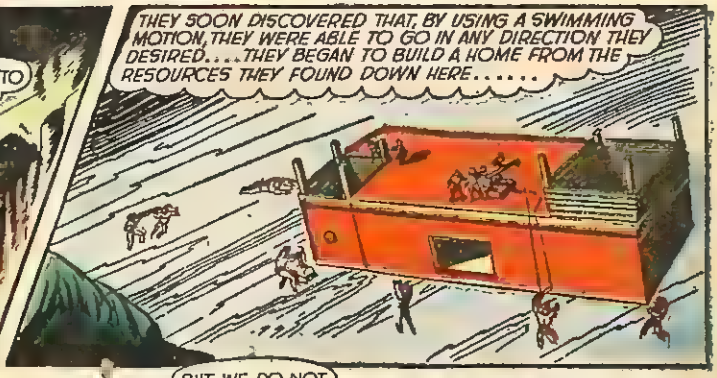

PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN ALL THIS TO ME!!
GIVE ME YOUR HAND! I'LL GUIDE YOU TO A LANDING PLATFORM!

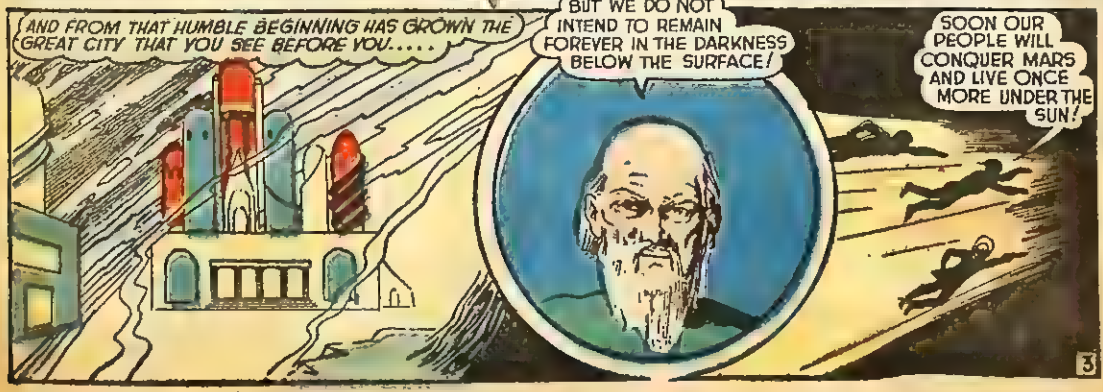

SO, YOU'RE FROM THE SURFACE, EARTHMEN....HMM.... WELL, YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN MY STORY.... IT GOES BACK A HUNDRED YEARS....

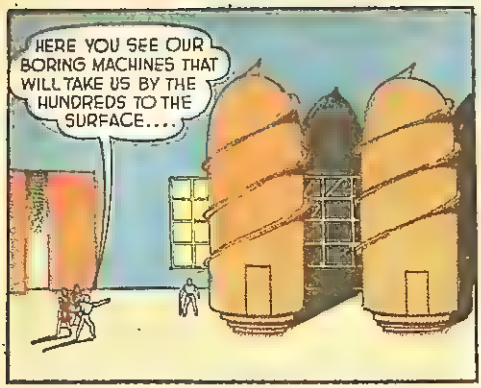
THE CRIMINALS OF MARS WERE HARSHLY TREATED.... WHIPPED OUT OF THE CITIES, AND FORCED TO MARCH ACROSS THE PLAINS....

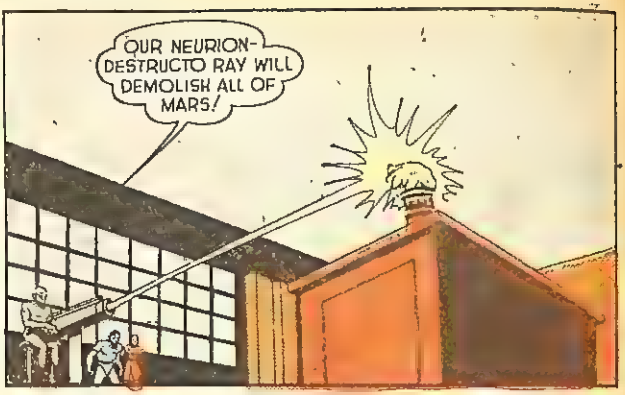

TILL THEY WERE BROUGHT TO THE "SHAFT OF DEATH," AS IT WAS CALLED THEN...THEY WERE ALL FORCED INTO IT. AT THE END OF THE SHAFT, ONE OF OUR PEOPLE FELL OFF THE LEDGE.....

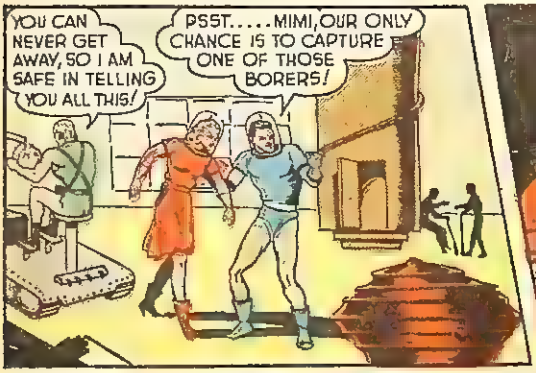

TO THEIR AMAZEMENT, HE REMAINED IN MID-AIR... THE MYSTERIOUS VAPORS OF THE PIT HAD STRANGE POWERS.
LOOK! HE IS ALIVE, AND, BY WAVING HIS HANDS, HE IS ABLE TO MOVE HIMSELF!

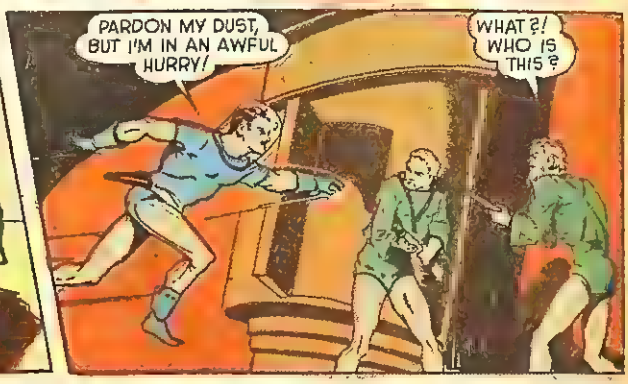

THEY SOON DISCOVERED THAT, BY USING A SWIMMING MOTION, THEY WERE ABLE TO GO IN ANY DIRECTION THEY DESIRED....THEY BEGAN TO BUILD A HOME FROM THE RESOURCES THEY FOUND DOWN HERE.....

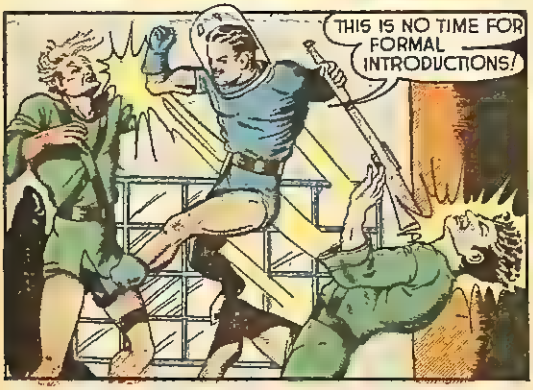

AND FROM THAT HUMBLE BEGINNING HAS GROWN THE GREAT CITY THAT YOU SEE BEFORE YOU.....
BUT WE DO NOT INTEND TO REMAIN FOREVER IN THE DARKNESS BELOW THE SURFACE!
SOON OUR PEOPLE WILL CONQUER MARS AND LIVE ONCE MORE UNDER THE SUN!
3

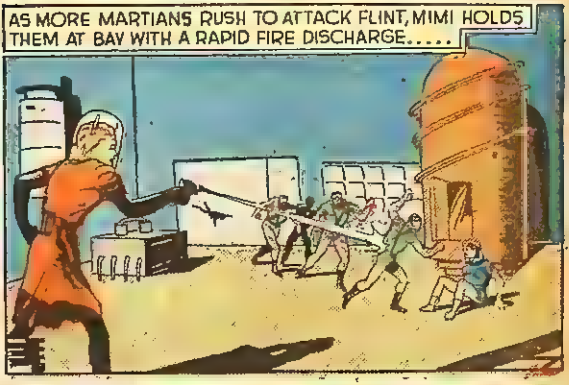

HERE YOU SEE OUR BORING MACHINES THAT WILL TAKE US BY THE HUNDREDS TO THE SURFACE....

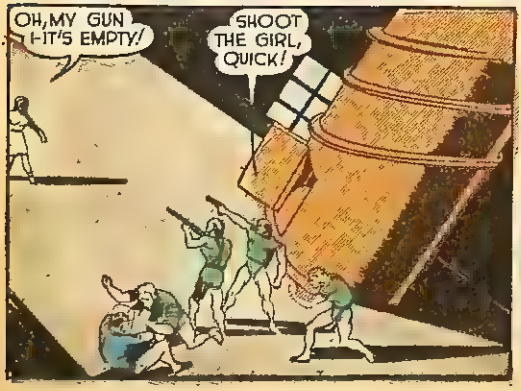

OUR NEURION-DESTRUCTO RAY WILL DEMOLISH ALL OF MARS!

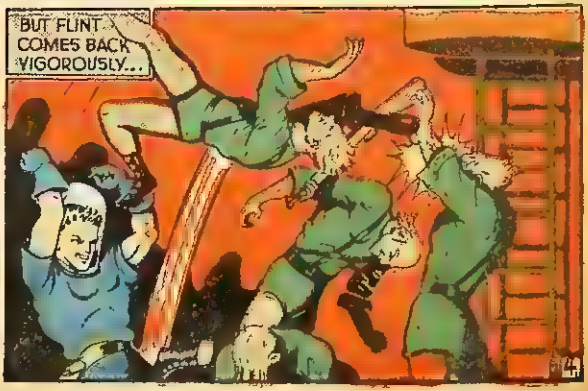

YOU CAN NEVER GET AWAY, SO I AM SAFE IN TELLING YOU ALL THIS!
PSST.....MIMI, OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO CAPTURE ONE OF THOSE BORERS!

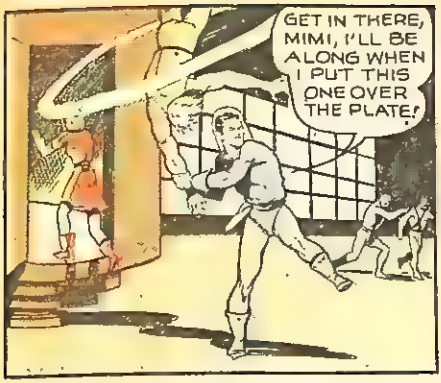

PARDON MY DUST, BUT I'M IN AN AWFUL HURRY!
WHAT?! WHO IS THIS?

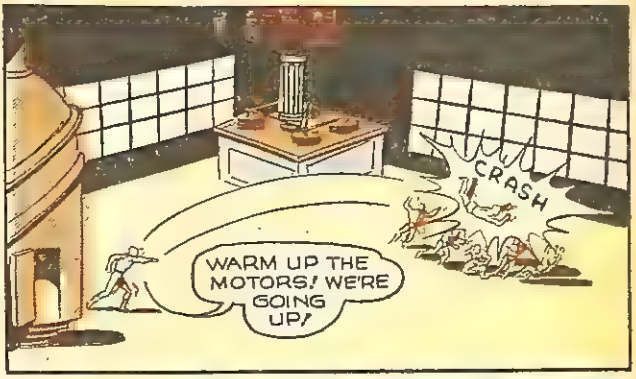

THIS IS NO TIME FOR FORMAL INTRODUCTIONS!

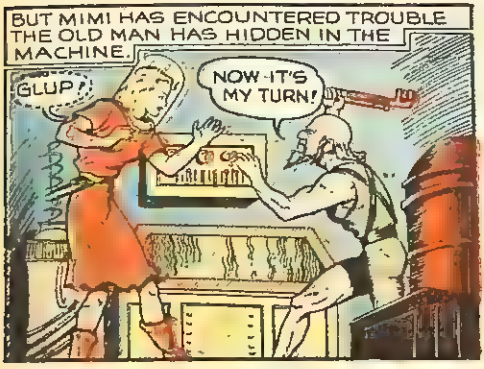

AS MORE MARTIANS RUSH TO ATTACK FLINT, MIMI HOLDS THEM AT BAY WITH A RAPID FIRE DISCHARGE.....

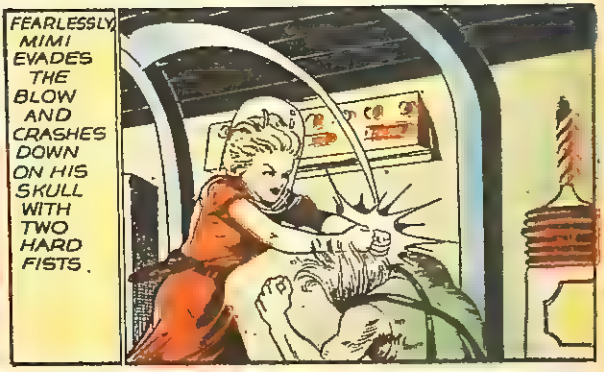

OH, MY GUN !-IT'S EMPTY!
SHOOT THE GIRL, QUICK!

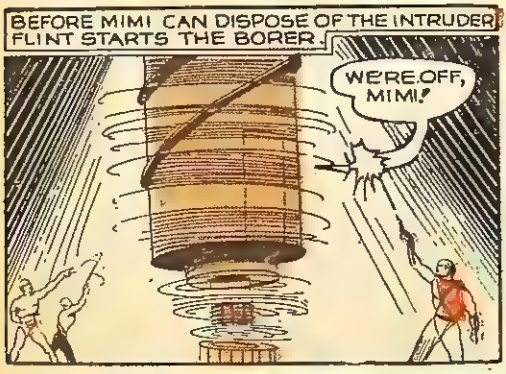

BUT FLINT COMES BACK VIGOROUSLY...

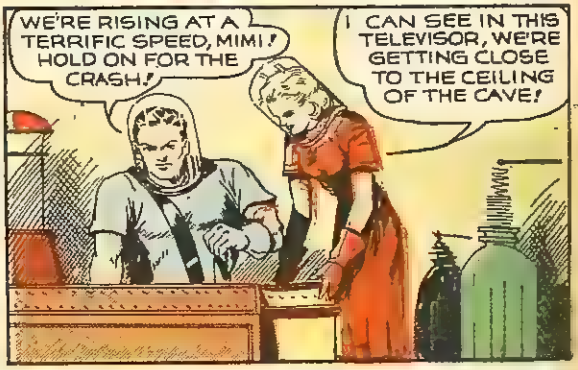

GET IN THERE, MIMI, I'LL BE ALONG WHEN I PUT THIS ONE OVER THE PLATE!


CRASH
WARM UP THE MOTORS! WE'RE GOING UP!

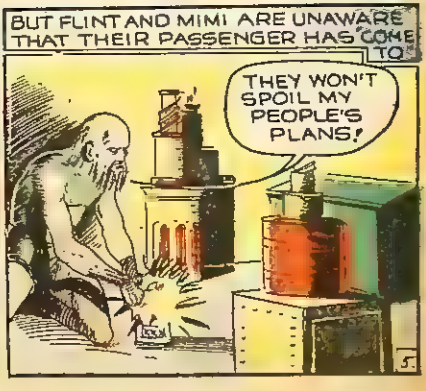

BUT MIMI HAS ENCOUNTERED TROUBLE THE OLD MAN HAS HIDDEN IN THE MACHINE.
GLUP!
NOW IT'S MY TURN!


FEARLESSLY MIMI EVADES THE BLOW AND CRASHES DOWN ON HIS SKULL WITH TWO HARD FISTS.

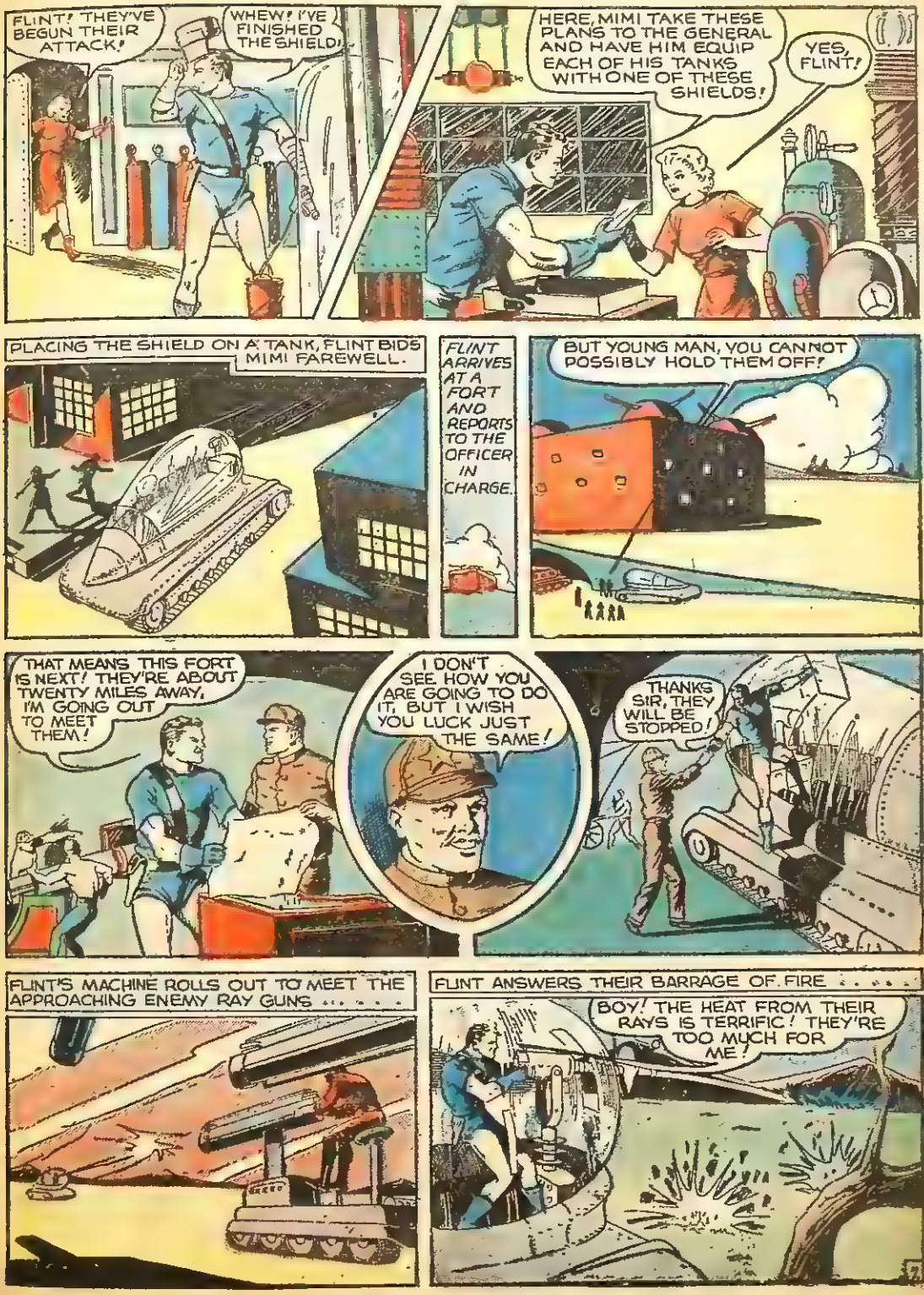

BEFORE MIMI CAN DISPOSE OF THE INTRUDER FLINT STARTS THE BORER.
WE'RE OFF, MIMI!

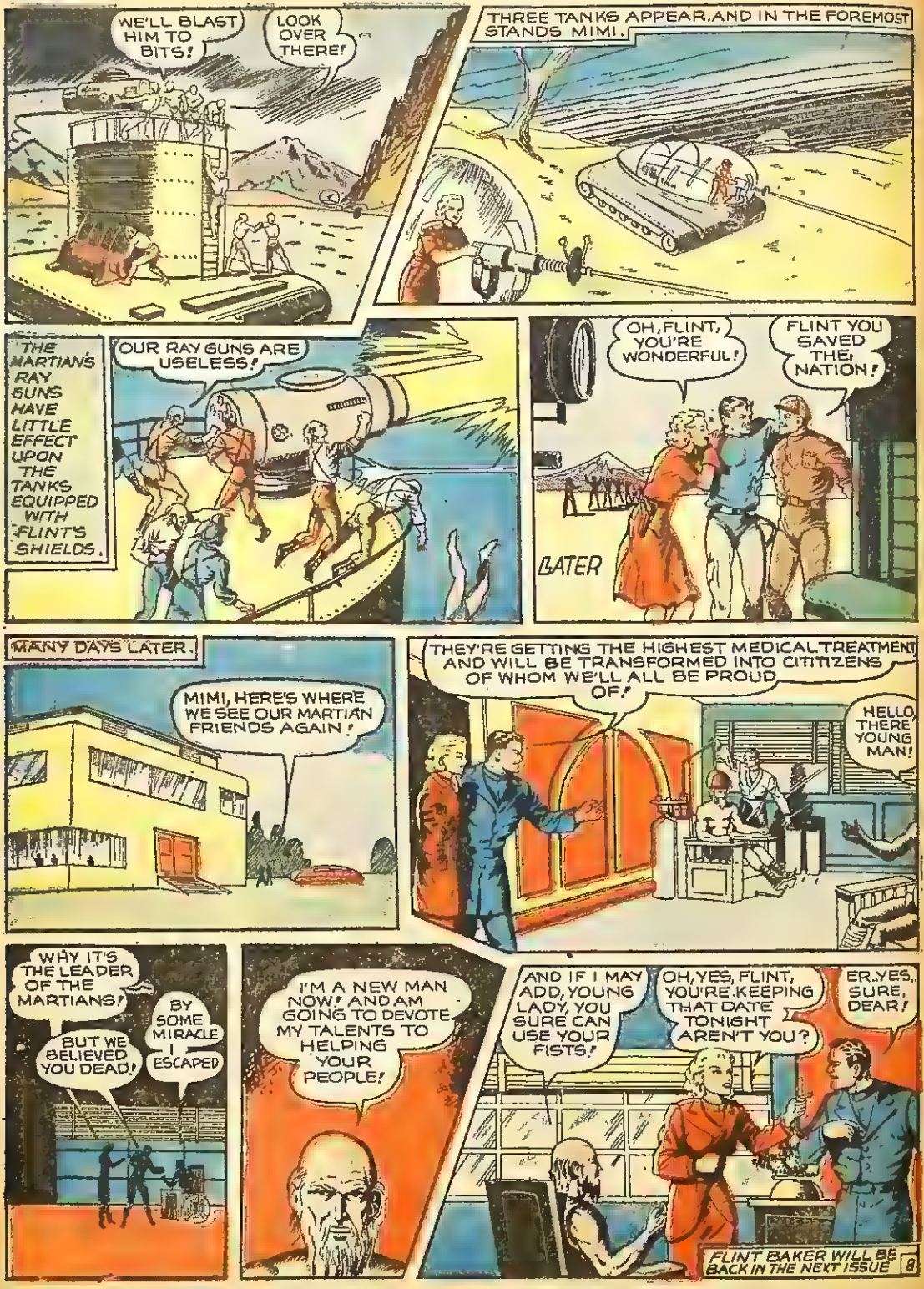

WE'RE RISING AT A TERRIFIC SPEED, MIMI! HOLD ON FOR THE CRASH!
I CAN SEE IN THIS TELEVISOR, WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO THE CEILING OF THE CAVE!

THE BORER WHIRLS THROUGH THE LAYERS OF ROCK, CUTTING A CLEAN PATH TO THE SURFACE.


BUT FLINT AND MIMI ARE UNAWARE THAT THEIR PASSENGER HAS COME TO
THEY WON'T SPOIL MY PEOPLE'S PLANS!

THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RIPS THE SHIP ASUNDER IN MID-AIR.
BOOM
FLINT AND MIMI UNCONSCIOUS DRIFT SLOWLY TO EARTH BY MEANS OF THE ANTI GRAVITATORS ON THEIR BELTS.
A FEW MINUTES LATER, MIMI AND FLINT COME TO.
COME, WE'VE GOT TO NOTIFY THE ARMY OFFICIALS!
FLINT SENDS THE CAR HURTLING TOWARDS THE CITY.
AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS, FLINT TELLS HIS STORY.
.. I'VE SEEN THEIR RAY, AND NOTHING IN OUR DEFENSES CAN WITHSTAND IT!
YOUNG MAN, I'VE HEARD SOME TALL STORIES BEFORE, BUT YOURS IS COLOSSAL BY COMPARISON!
ALL RIGHT, SIR, BUT IF YOU NEED ME CALL ON ME.
MIMI, I WANT YOU TO REMAIN HERE, AND AS SOON AS YOU GET THE BAD NEWS, COME TO THE LABORATORY IMMEDIATELY!
AT YOUR COMMAND, SIR!
FLINT WORKS IN HIS LABORATORY.
IT'S ABOUT DONE!
AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE CITY'S HUGE TELEGRAPH TOWER
THE MARTIANS ARE ATTACKING! GET GENERAL BRUN.

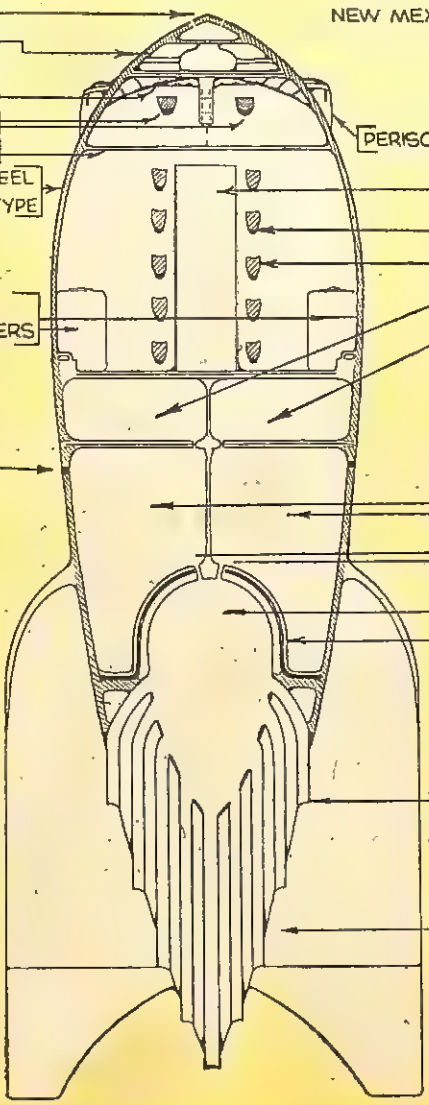

FLINT! THEY'VE BEGUN THEIR ATTACK!
WHEW! I'VE FINISHED THE SHIELD!
HERE, MIMI TAKE THESE PLANS TO THE GENERAL AND HAVE HIM EQUIP EACH OF HIS TANKS WITH ONE OF THESE SHIELDS!
YES, FLINT!
PLACING THE SHIELD ON A TANK, FLINT BIDS MIMI FAREWELL.
FLINT ARRIVES AT A FORT AND REPORTS TO THE OFFICER IN CHARGE.
BUT YOUNG MAN, YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY HOLD THEM OFF!
THAT MEANS THIS FORT IS NEXT! THEY'RE ABOUT TWENTY MILES AWAY, I'M GOING OUT TO MEET THEM!
I DON'T SEE HOW YOU ARE GOING TO DO IT, BUT I WISH YOU LUCK JUST THE SAME!
THANKS SIR, THEY WILL BE STOPPED!
FLINT'S MACHINE ROLLS OUT TO MEET THE APPROACHING ENEMY RAY GUNS
FLINT ANSWERS THEIR BARRAGE OF FIRE
BOY! THE HEAT FROM THEIR RAYS IS TERRIFIC! THEY'RE TOO MUCH FOR ME!


WE'LL BLAST HIM TO BITS!
LOOK OVER THERE!
THREE TANKS APPEAR, AND IN THE FOREMOST STANDS MIMI.
THE MARTIAN'S RAY GUNS HAVE LITTLE EFFECT UPON THE TANKS EQUIPPED WITH FLINT'S SHIELDS.
OUR RAY GUNS ARE USELESS!
OH, FLINT, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
FLINT YOU SAVED THE NATION!
LATER
MANY DAYS LATER.
MIMI, HERE'S WHERE WE SEE OUR MARTIAN FRIENDS AGAIN!
THEY'RE GETTING THE HIGHEST MEDICAL TREATMENT AND WILL BE TRANSFORMED INTO CITIZENS OF WHOM WE'LL ALL BE PROUD OF!
HELLO THERE YOUNG MAN!
WHY IT'S THE LEADER OF THE MARTIANS!
BUT WE BELIEVED YOU DEAD!
BY SOME MIRACLE I ESCAPED
I'M A NEW MAN NOW! AND AM GOING TO DEVOTE MY TALENTS TO HELPING YOUR PEOPLE!
AND IF I MAY ADD, YOUNG LADY, YOU SURE CAN USE YOUR FISTS!
OH, YES, FLINT, YOU'RE KEEPING THAT DATE TONIGHT AREN'T YOU?
ER..YES.. SURE, DEAR!
FLINT BAKER WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE

WHAT ARE THE ACTUAL POSSIBILITIES OF SPACE TRAVEL?

THE ROCKET MOTOR

IS STILL THE ONLY KNOWN CONTROLABLE FORCE FOR LOCOMOTION THROUGH A VACUUM. INTER-STELLAR SPACE IS A VACUUM CONTAINING NO ATMOSPHERE, THUS BEING PERPETUALLY DARK AND COLD . . . . THE ROCKET HAS BEEN THE SUBJECT OF RESEARCH SINCE 1919, AND THE FIRST ROCKET SOCIETY WAS FORMED IN 1927. PROFESSOR GODDARD IS THE FOREMOST MAN IN ROCKETRY TO-DAY, EXPERIMENTING IN THE DESERT NEAR ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO . . . . . .

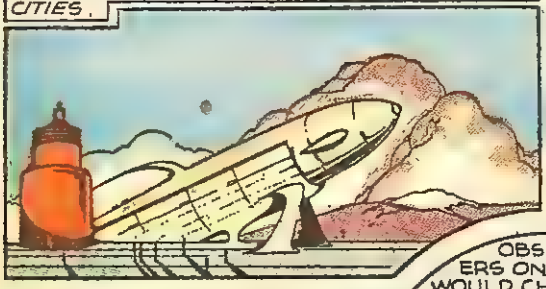


PARACHUTE CAP
AUXILLARY MOTOR
INSTRUMENT AND CONTROL PANEL
PILOTS SEATS
BULKHEAD
OUTER SHELL OF STEEL AND DURALUMINUM TYPE
LIQUID OXYGEN FOR CREW AND PASSENGERS
SAFETY VALVES
PERISCOPICAL VISION APPARATUS
LOCKERS FOR FOOD, FIRST AID, SPACE SUITS, WEAPONS.
SEMI-RECLINING SHOCK ABSORBING SEATS . . . .
AUXILLARY FUEL TANKS LOCKS TO RELEASE "HOLD" IN CASE OF EMERGENCY.
SEALING VALVES
MAIN FUEL TANKS. OXYGEN, HYDROGEN
CONTROLABLE CARBURATION VALVES.
COMBUSTION CHAMBER HIGHLY HEAT-RESISTANT INSULATION AROUND COMBUSTION CHAMBER.
VENTURI EXHAUST JETS
VANES WOULD BE USED FOR CONTROL THROUGH AN ATMOSPHERIC MEDIUM. . .

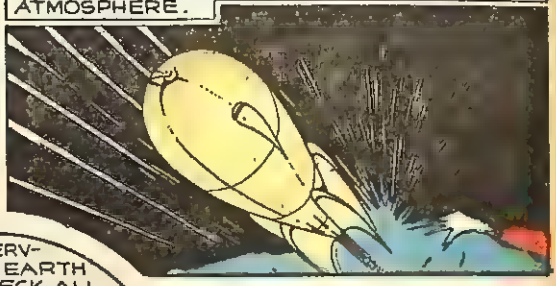
THIS IS A DIAGRAMATIC VIEW OF A ROCKET SHIP AS ENVISIONED BY ENTHUSIASTS IN THE LIGHT OF PRESENT SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE..

An Elementary Course In ASTRONAUTICS

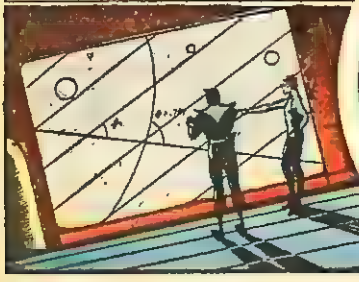
THE INTERPLANETARY SHIP WOULD PROBABLY BE LAUNCHED FROM A HIGH MOUNTAIN BECAUSE OF THE RARIFIED ATMOSPHERE. PASSENGERS WOULD BE SHUTTLED BY PLANE FROM THE CITIES.



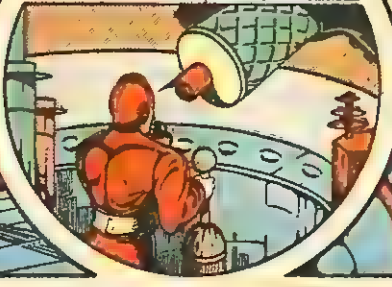
THE SHIP'S HULL WOULD HAVE TO BE OF A HIGHLY HEAT-RESISTANT METAL DUE TO THE FRICTIONAL TEMPERATURE WHEN TAKING OFF OR LANDING THROUGH THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.



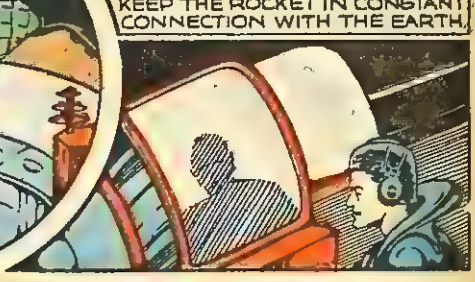
ASTRONOMICAL CHARTS WOULD BE CHECKED REPEATEDLY.



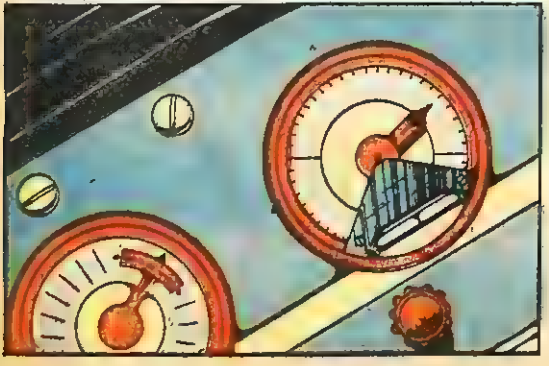
OBSERVERS ON EARTH WOULD CHECK ALL DETAILS WITH THE SHIP'S COMMUNICATION OFFICER.



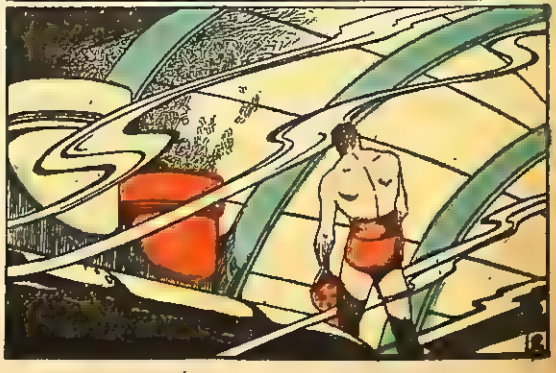
A FORM OF ULTRA-SHORT WAVE RADIO AND TELEVISION WOULD KEEP THE ROCKET IN CONSTANT CONNECTION WITH THE EARTH.



DELICATE INSTRUMENTS WOULD KEEP THE PILOT AWARE OF HIS SPEED, FUEL PRESSURE, TEMPERATURE OF COMBUSTION CHAMBER, ETC.

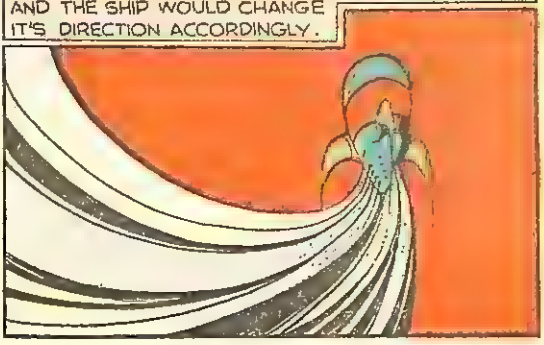


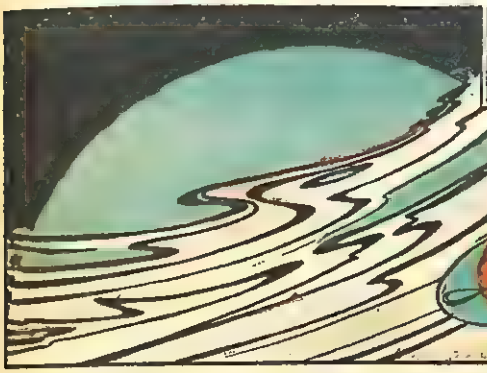
PERIODICALLY, LIQUID OXYGEN WOULD BE VAPORIZED FOR THE RESPIRATORY NEEDS OF THE PILOT, PASSENGERS AND CREW.



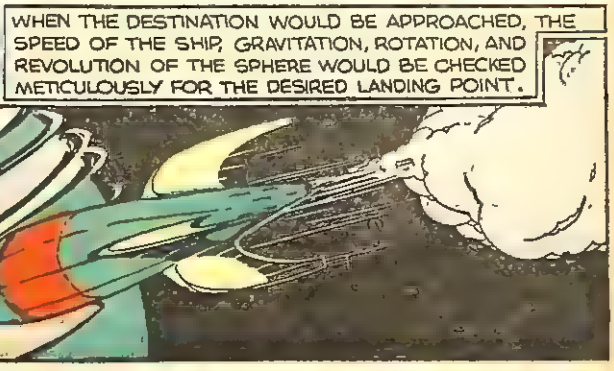
THREE DIMENSIONAL DIRECTION WOULD BE ACCOMPLISHED BY MANIPULATION OF THE VENTURI EXHAUST VENTS. THE PILOT WATCHES THE DIALS AND PULLS CORRESPONDING LEVERS. . . . . .

THE TUBES WOULD BE AUTOMATICALLY SWUNG AND THE SHIP WOULD CHANGE IT'S DIRECTION ACCORDINGLY.



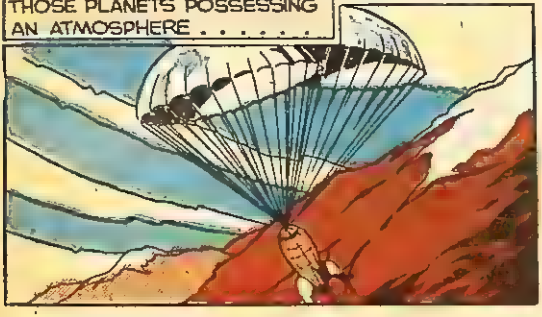


WHEN THE DESTINATION WOULD BE APPROACHED, THE SPEED OF THE SHIP, GRAVITATION, ROTATION, AND REVOLUTION OF THE SPHERE WOULD BE CHECKED METICULOUSLY FOR THE DESIRED LANDING POINT.

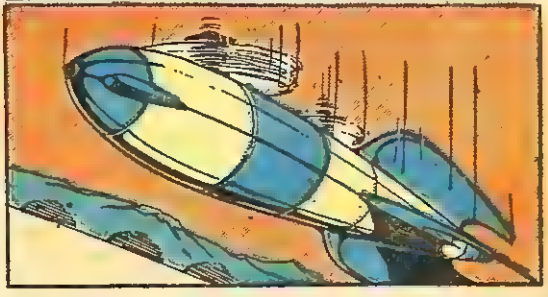


BELOW ARE FOUR CONCEIVABLE METHODS FOR LANDING A ROCKET SHIP..

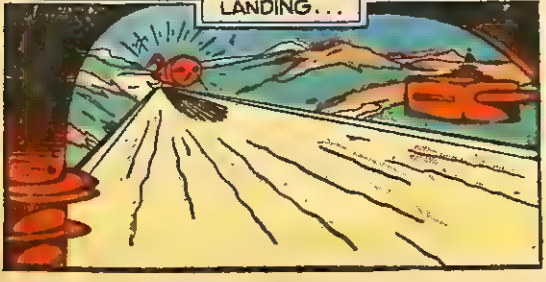
A SYSTEM OF PARACHUTES COULD BE USED ON THOSE PLANETS POSSESSING AN ATMOSPHERE . . . . . .



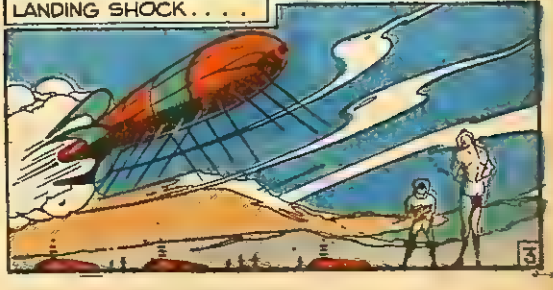
HELICOPTER BLADES MIGHT ALSO BE USED FOR LANDING OPERATIONS WHEN AIR IS PRESENT. .



LONG LANDING TROUGHS OF SWIFT MOVING COLD LIQUID AND SOME TYPE OF MAGNETIC ARRESTERS MIGHT BE A POSSIBLE MODE OF LANDING...



ROCKET JETS DIRECTED FORWARD AND DOWNWARD WOULD TEND TO ACT AS A BRAKE AND ANTI-GRAVITATIONAL FORCE TO BREAK THE LANDING SHOCK. . . .



MOON MONSTER

By JACK ANTHONY

The Hungry Primordial Beast Takes the First Human Life on the Moon.

July 7, 1960.

This is the last day of my life. I will be the first man to die on the Moon. So I will tell the story briefly and seal the paper in this aluminum capsule—there will be other Moon explorers—maybe they are on their way here now—they will find this capsule and perhaps turn back before it is too late. I am in good health and, on Earth, would still have many years ahead—but here, on the Moon—there are only a few hours left.

There is life on this barren waste. Hideous, primeval life. It is this primitive form of animal matter that is slowly moving toward me at the maddening rate of about six feet an hour that will soon crush out the last breath in my body—the last living thought. And there is nothing I can do.

I landed on the Moon three days ago. The trip here was exciting because of the adventuresome spirit of the thing, but otherwise uneventful. It took exactly a week and ten hours from the new rocket chute in the North Field Airport to the plain at the foot of the giant crater—I believe the location was somewhat due west of the dark area that scientist have always called Mare Nostrum.

No words can express the exultation that surged through my veins when I actually felt the terrain of the Moon skimming below the surface of my ship as I brought her down. I shouted like a wild-man and tears streamed down my face. My hands were shaking so with excitement that I could hardly adjust my space-helmet and the winches of the air-lock seemed to take hours to unfasten.

At last I had lowered myself to the ground and there I was. The first man to set foot on the Moon!

I stood perfectly still for sev-

eral minutes, gazing over the vast gray stretch of rocky plain before me. A dust cloud made it hard to see for awhile, but I found that my magnesium lamp easily penetrated that. That dancing film of dust made me realize that my first step on the satellite would be a new and momentous experience. The gravitational pull of the Moon is much less than ours—there is no air presure to hold the fine grains of earth to the surface—no rainfall to moisten it down—hence the perpetual cloud that had probably formed when the sphere itself was still in its early stages of formation—but that was not what concerned me then.

I walked away from my ship. But I was not walking—I was almost flying—and it was the most exhilarating sensation I have felt since the days when I used to go swimming in the cold mountain spring on our farm on Earth. I must have looked a strange sight—bouncing around, doing a sort of slap-happy Spring dance in my cumbersome space-suit with its grotesque helmet. All alone, I cavorted in the mist, leaping distances that would have put our champion Olympic stars in the class of toddling infants.

Soon I tired of the abandon and gaiety and soberly went over the supplies I would carry on my first Moon hike. I carried a pack not very differently stocked than those I had used on my camping trips in the Adirondacks, and set out to explore—making sure that my compass was in perfect working condition.

But, I forgot—you, who are reading this now have already experienced this "lighter than air" sensation.

The Moon night is much colder than Earth's. But my sleeping tube was well-equipped with an electrical heating coil and I lay snug and warm on my back—staring at my home planet that

had changed places with the Moon. But if the Moon had ever looked so magnificently impressive—so radiantly dazzling, lovers would not only have filled books of verse about it, but whole operas — Hollywood spectacles would have been composed about that single orb. I am an explorer, not a poet, so I cannot begin to describe the breath-taking beauty of that giant circle of light.

I continued in a northeasterly direction for another day. The terrain was monotonously uninterrupted by any sort of vegetation or variation in the flat rock formation. But I was nearing the foot of the crater and hoped for something more interesting when I had mounted the summit. I slept that night half-way up the crater's edge, but when I awoke the next morning something prompted me to look back over the distance I had just traveled through my telescopic lenses and see if my ship was all right.

I gasped in downright terror at what I saw. Nothing. That was it—the ship was not there! Perhaps, I thought, it's the dust cloud that is hiding it—but my lenses should penetrate that. I looked at my compass. Yes, I was turned in the right direction. Maybe I was misjudging my distance. I adjusted the focus for a longer range.

Something — a mammoth, shapeless form, was retreating into the distance over the rim of a very small crater. And in its slimy folds I recognized the bulge of my rocket ship.

It took me another day to retrace my steps, horror gripping me all the way. It was not till this afternoon that I neared the rim of the "thing" that had captured my ship. But I dared not approach within a hundred yards of the oozing creature. A nauseous sickness overcame me just to look at it—or perhaps it was a gas that emanated from the colorless form that penetrated through the canvas of my spacesuit.

The best description I can give the "thing" is that it was a protoplasmic glacier that stretched for at least a mile in all directions. It had the substance of a jellyfish and was about a foot thick. But the strength of that base organic matter was enormous. My ship was already crushed beyond repair. Pieces of metal jutted through the slime but with no harmful effect.

Suddenly I realized that my presence had attracted the Moon monster. It had begun to move toward me and oozed out in encircling tentacles—but I backed up the side of a small crater and almost fell down into its center. For several minutes I rested, trying to overcome the nervous shock that the nausea seemed to produce. Perhaps I lay there longer than I knew. I may have even fallen unconscious — but when I again climbed to the rim I discovered that the entire crater was surrounded by the plasmic slime that was ebbing ever nearer.

It has taken me some time to control my shaking nerves. I am now in the center of the crater and there are only a few feet between me and death. I am glad I remembered to take a notebook in my space suit. It has helped to steady me for the final moment.

Something very interesting has just occurred.

In my ship I carried a case of chemical vials. I had hoped to do some experimenting here. Apparently the beast has broken the case and some of the vials have rolled beneath its weight down the side of the crater. I just caught a glimpse of one containing nitric acid and as I watched the gelatinous folds closed around it, and it burst. The effect was instantaneous. The ameobic substance was decomposed and went up in a cloud of smoke, leaving a hole about ten feet square.

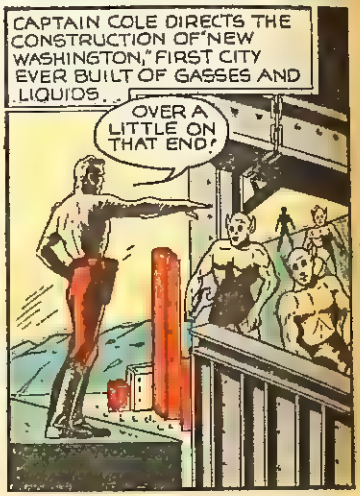
If I only had a large supply of the acid! But I haven't and the hole is already filling in as the monster closes about me. Still, it makes me almost happy to think that some one may read this note in time to prepare himself against the Moon beast. Arm yourselves, explorers of the future, not with guns or ray machines, but with a goodly supply of nitric acid to eat away the treacherous slime that is about to devour me.

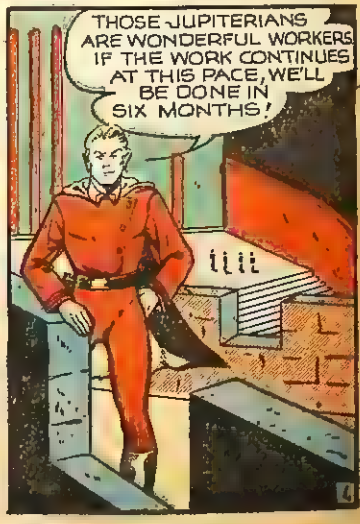
The end is near—Good-bye!

Captain Nelson Cole of the Solar Air Force

By Beekman Terrill

NELSON COLE AND A GROUP OF EARTHMEN HAVE TAKEN ON THE JOB OF DEVELOPING SOUTHERN JUPITER. . COLE HAS PERFECTED A PROCESS BY WHICH GASSES AND LIQUIDS CAN BE TURNED INTO SOLIDS FOR BUILDING MATERIALS.


CAPTAIN COLE DIRECTS THE CONSTRUCTION OF "NEW WASHINGTON," FIRST CITY EVER BUILT OF GASSES AND LIQUIDS. .
OVER A LITTLE ON THAT END!



NIGHT AND DAY, THE WORK GOES ON. THE NATIVES LABORING WITH TIRELESS EFFORT.
I'LL BLAST THIS THROUGH AND YOUR CITY WILL THEN BE — COMPLETED!
THE EXPLOSION WALLS THROUGH THE FINAL TUNNEL BENEATH THE CITY AND THE JOB IS FINISHED.
NELSON COLE DEDICATES THE CITY.
.."NEW WASHINGTON" IS THE PRIDE OF THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE! YOUR UNSTINTING LABOR WILL KEEP IT SO..
THE JUPITERIANS JOYFULLY CROWD ACROSS THE CONNECTING CAUSEWAY INTO "NEW WASHINGTON."
THREE CHEERS FOR CAPTAIN COLE! RAH RAH RAH!
RAH!
IT'S SWELL TO SEE A DREAM COME TRUE THAT MAKES SO MANY PEOPLE HAPPY!
JUST THEN, A ROCKET SHIP ZOOMS INTO VIEW.
COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF NORTHERN JUPITER! UNINVITED VISITORS!
2

THE SHIP LANDS ON THE NEW ROCKETPORT OF NEW WASHINGTON.
AND THE PRINCESS EELO ALIGHTS.
AN EARTHMAN! HOW DOES IT HAPPEN THAT AN EARTHMAN GREETS PRINCESS EELO?
I HAVE BEEN ELECTED PRESIDENT OF SOUTHERN JUPITER, MY TERM OF OFFICE LASTS UNTIL THE JUPITERIANS ARE CAPABLE OF SELF GOVERNMENT.
A FINE OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO BECOME A DICTATOR IF YOU KEEP THE PEOPLE IN IGNORANCE, THEY WILL NEVER BE CAPABLE OF SELF GOVERNMENT!
CAPTAIN COLE ESCORTS THE PRINCESS FROM THE FIELD.
I MERELY ACT AS A COORDINATOR. THE PEOPLE HAVE ALL THEIR FREEDOM.
WHICH I MIGHT ADD, IS MORE THAN YOU CAN SAY OF THE PEOPLE UNDER YOUR RULE, PRINCESS!
PRINCESS EELO CANNOT ANSWER COLE'S REMARK, AND THEY ENTER THE CITY IN SILENCE.
NEXT DAY, THE PRINCESS MAKES A POINT OF OBSERVING THE ARMY.

STANDING ALONE ABOVE THE ARMY, THE PRINCESS SUDDENLY TOSSES A PACKET OVER THE PARAPET.
IT IS A BUNDLE OF MONEY.
THE OFFICER SNATCHES IT UP. .
GOOD! SHE KEPT HER PROMISE. HER PLANS WILL NOW BE FOLLOWED!
LATER, COLE TAKES HER OUT TO THE NEW ROCKETPORT. .
WHERE ARE THE GUARDS STATIONED, CAPTAIN?
OVER THERE..BUT EXCUSE ME A LITTLE WHILE, I'LL JOIN YOU LATER.
NELSON COMES UPON HER SHORTLY AFTER.
PRINCESS, THESE ARE THE PRIVATE QUARTERS OF THE SOLDIERS!
BUT I FELT FAINT.
QUICK, TAKE THIS.
SORRY I WAS RUDE, BUT THIS SECTION CONSTITUTES PART OF OUR SECRET FORTIFICATIONS.
QUITE ALL RIGHT, NELSON. YOU WERE ONLY DOING YOUR DUTY.
THE GUARD READS THE MESSAGE.
your guards will get the rest of the money when you finish your job.
Princess Eeelo.
THAT NIGHT.
I HAVE A FEELING SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN.
NONSENSE, NELSON, WHAT POSSIBLY COULD?

NONSENSE, EH? THEN WHAT ARE THOSE STRANGE BLACK ROCKET SHIPS APPROACHING OVER THERE?
AS CAPTAIN COLE SPEAKS, THE MYSTERIOUS SHIPS LAND AT THE ROCKET-PORT.
NELSON COLE LEAPS INTO HIS ROCKET CAR AND ROARS DOWN TO THE PORT.
BUT A HORRIBLE SCENE GREETS COLE.
I'LL LOOK INTO THIS PHONEY BUSINESS RIGHT NOW!
THOSE SHIPS WERE ARMED, BUT MY GUARDS SHOULD BE ABLE TO HANDLE THE SITUATION!
MY GUARDS! MURDERED!
AND ALL POWER HAS BEEN CUT OFF! IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO MOBILIZE MY ARMY!
MY OWN MEN! WHY DIDN'T THEY STOP THOSE ROCKET SHIPS, OR RAISE THE ALARM?? WELL I'LL SOON FIND OUT!

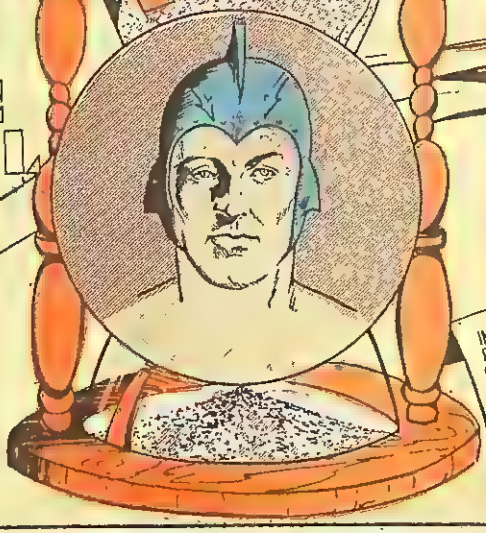
YOU TRAITORS! WHO PAID YOU? QUICK! TELL ME!
I SEE NOW, CAPTAIN, WE WERE FOOLS, BUT PRINCESS EELO PROMISED US RICHES IF WE OBEYED ORDERS!
SO..PRINCESS EELO...
BUT THE PRINCESS HAS THOUGHT OF THIS.
I'LL FIGHT THE COWARDS ALONE!
I'LL LOCK THE ARSENAL TO PREVENT THIS TRAITOROUS SCHEME FROM GROWING!
THEY'VE BEATEN ME HERE TOO!
WITH YOUR ARMY BOUGHT OUT AND YOU UNDER CONTROL, INVASION IS JUST A MATTER OF ROUTINE FOR MY LEGIONS.
HA HA! THE LAST LAUGH IS ON YOU, PRINCESS! YOUR PEOPLE WILL BE DEAD BEFORE THEY CAN ENJOY THEIR STOLEN WEALTH!
NOT SO FAST, CAPTAIN! THIS PARALYZING RAY WILL KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE!

THE "SHRINKING DISEASE" HAS RETURNED! MY PEOPLE ARE THE ONLY ONES IMMUNE, BUT THEY CAN INFECT YOUR PEOPLE ON CONTACT!
OH!!
TERRIFIED THE QUEEN ORDERS HER ARMY TO HERD THE INHABITANTS OF NEW WASHINGTON OUT OF THE CITY
QUICKLY NOW, THEY MUST NOT GET A CHANCE TO INFECT US!
DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES, THE PEACEFUL SOUTHERN JUPITERIANS WANDER INTO THE WASTELANDS
THE COMMANDING OFFICER REPORTS TO PRINCESS EELO
YOUR MAJESTY, THE CITY IS NOW FREE OF THE CARRIERS OF THE "SHRINKING DISEASE", WE ARE SAFE!
BUT COLE HAS SLIPPED AWAY TO A SECRET "LAST DEFENSE REFUGE."
THIS SWITCH WILL RUIN THE CITY, BUT DESTROY THE ENEMY!
THE CITY IS NOW IN RUINS AND PRINCESS EELO FLEES WITH THE FEW SURVIVORS.
THERE THEY GO! CAPTAIN COLE HAS SAVED US AGAIN!
MONTH'S LATER, A REBUILT CITY STANDS WHERE THE CRUMBLED RUINS HAD BEEN. . .
I HOPE THIS WILL BE A LESSON TO THOSE WHO ARE TEMPTED TO BETRAY THEIR COUNTRY FROM WITHIN!
7

BUZZ CRANDALL

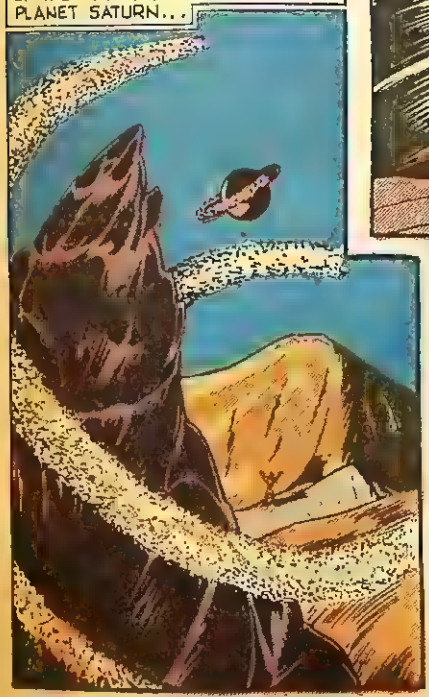
of the SPACE PATROL

by Bob Jordon

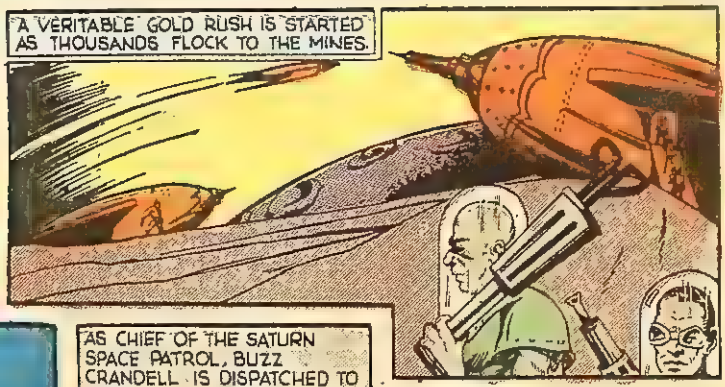


INTO THE SATELLITE ABOVE THE PLANET SATURN FLIES BUZZ CRANDELL CHIEF OF THE SATURN SPACE PATROL, HE BRINGS TO QUICK JUSTICE A BAND OF RACKETEERING CLAIMJUMPERS, WHO HAVE USURPED THE RIGHTS TO THE RICH MINING FIELDS....

ZATENITE! A RARE AND VALUABLE MINERAL IS DISCOVERED ON ONE OF THE SATELLITES AROUND THE PLANET SATURN...

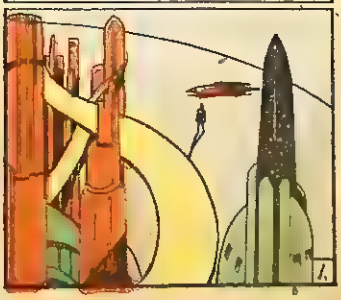


A VERITABLE GOLD RUSH IS STARTED AS THOUSANDS FLOCK TO THE MINES.

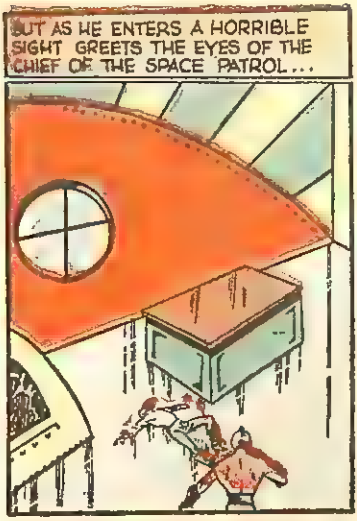


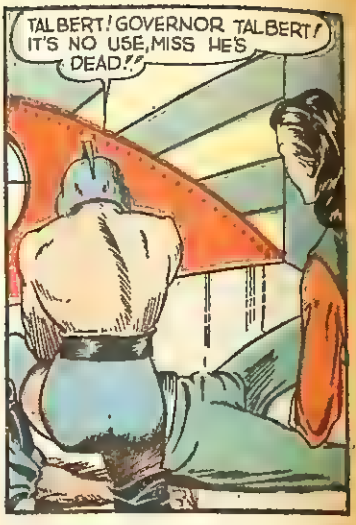
AS CHIEF OF THE SATURN SPACE PATROL, BUZZ CRANDELL IS DISPATCHED TO THE SATELLITE.

ARRIVING, BUZZ LEAVES HIS ROCKET SHIP AND ENTERS THE HURRIEDLY BUILT CITY. .....



AT THE HOME OF THE GOVERNOR, BUZZ CRANDELL IS INVITED INTO THE STUDY...
THE GOVERNOR IS EXPECTING YOU. WON'T YOU GO IN PLEASE.


BUT AS HE ENTERS A HORRIBLE SIGHT GREETS THE EYES OF THE CHIEF OF THE SPACE PATROL...

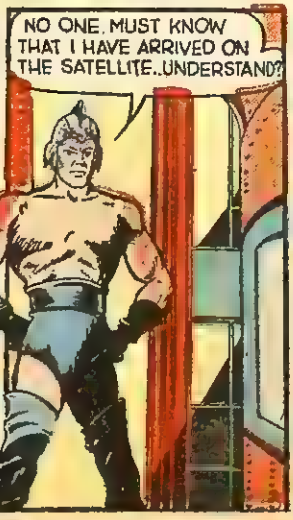

TALBERT! GOVERNOR TALBERT! IT'S NO USE, MISS HE'S DEAD!!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS!
HE WAS ALIVE ONLY AN HOUR AGO.. I SPOKE TO HIM..

SUDDENLY, THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY A BOOMING VOICE COMING TO THEM OVER THE GIANT INTER-PLANETARY MEGAPHONES...

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! THE GOVERNOR IS DEAD! THE MINING FIELDS ARE NOW THE PROPERTY OF JYTERN.. CERTAIN DEATH WILL BE THE REWARD OF ALL THOSE WHO DARE TRESPASS!

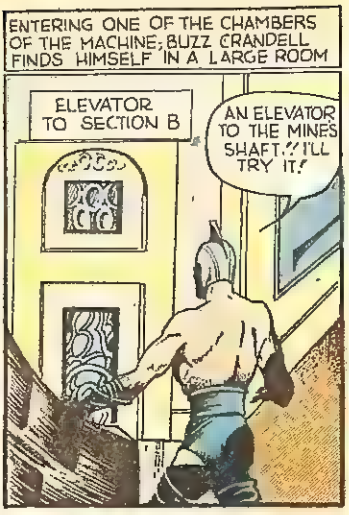
JYTERN! HE'S THE CLAIM JUMPER WHO ESCAPED FROM SATURN!
THEN HE MUST HAVE KILLED THE GOVERNOR!

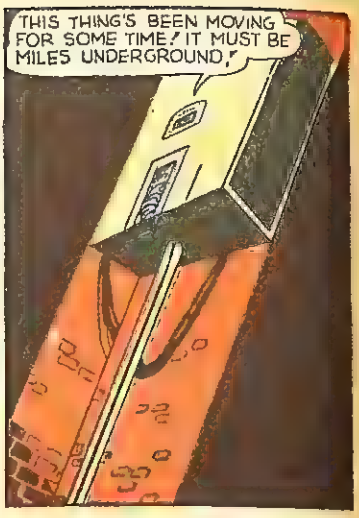

NO ONE MUST KNOW THAT I HAVE ARRIVED ON THE SATELLITE.. UNDERSTAND?

BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO THE ZATENITE FIELDS!
2

HIGH ABOVE, OVERLOOKING THE MINING FIELDS, LOOMS THE HUGE RAY MACHINE OF JYTERN.
IN THE DENSITY OF THE EARLY DAWN, THE SENTRIES DO NOT NOTICE A LONE ROCKET SHIP APPROACHING.
THE SHIP SILENCES ITS MOTORS, AND LANDS IN THE MAZE OF COMPLICATED MACHINERY.
OPENING THE TRAP DOOR, A TALL FIGURE STEPS OUT.
IT IS BUZZ CRANDELL.....
HMM..GUARDS DOWN BELOW. I'LL HAVE TO PUT THEM OUT OF THE WAY FIRST!
MOVING OUT UPON AN EXTENDING PARAPET.
BUZZ LEAPS..
AND DROPS LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING UPON THE STARTLED GUARDS..

OUT COLD! NOW TO GET MY HANDS ON MY OLD FRIEND, JYTERN..

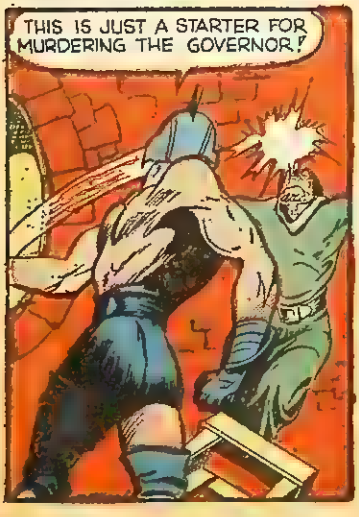

ENTERING ONE OF THE CHAMBERS OF THE MACHINE, BUZZ CRANDELL FINDS HIMSELF IN A LARGE ROOM
ELEVATOR TO SECTION B
AN ELEVATOR TO THE MINES SHAFT.. I'LL TRY IT!


THIS THING'S BEEN MOVING FOR SOME TIME! IT MUST BE MILES UNDERGROUND!

THE ELEVATOR COMES TO A HALT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MINE AND BUZZ STEPS OUT IN THE SHINY MUZZLE OF A GUN..
STEP OUT! WHO ARE YOU?!

A VISITOR FROM YOUR HOME TOWN, JYTERN!
SO YOU KNOW ME? YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR TRESPASSING.

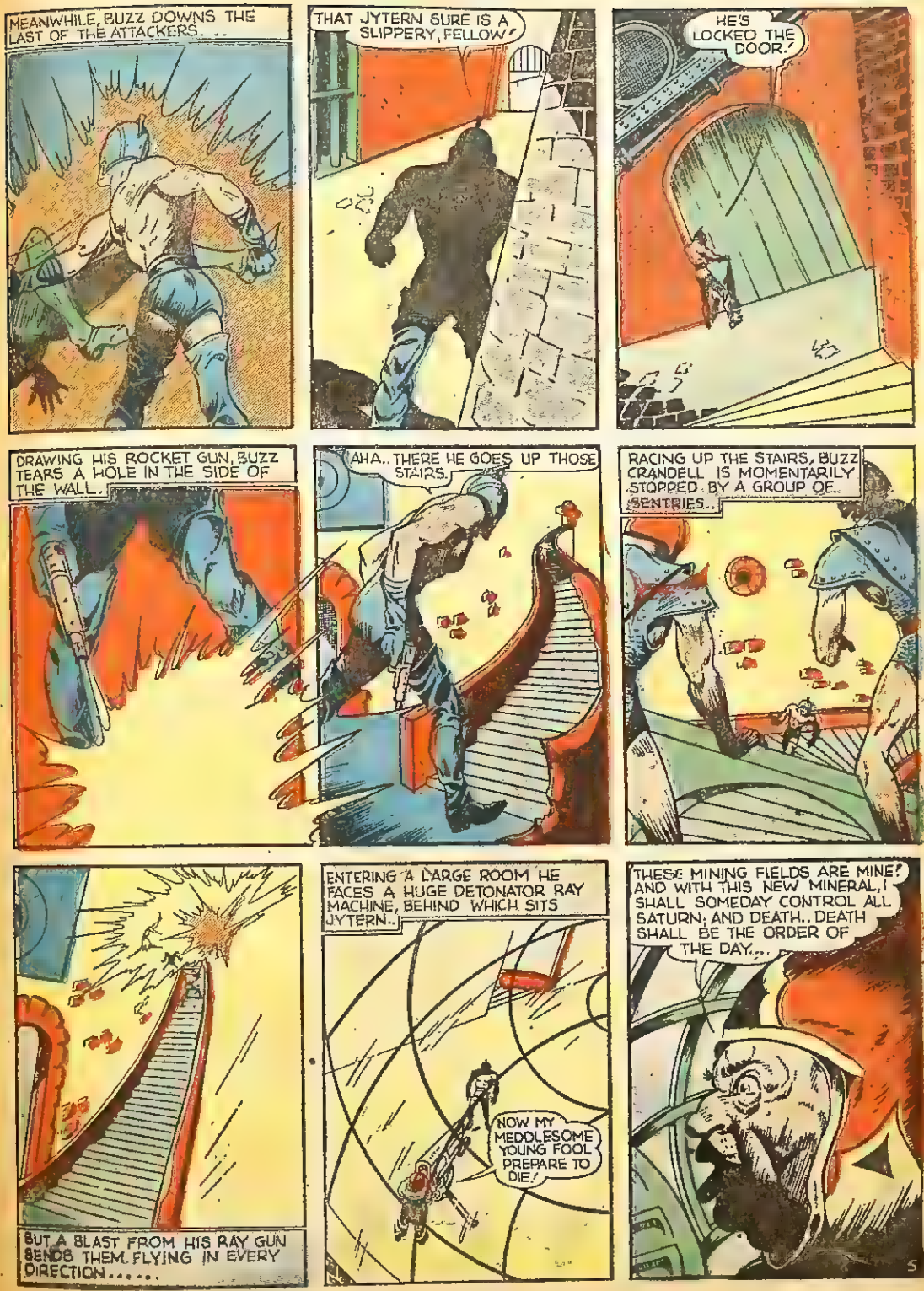
IN A FLASH, BUZZ LEAPS UPON THE SURPRISED JYTERN!.....
I'LL TAKE THAT GUN!

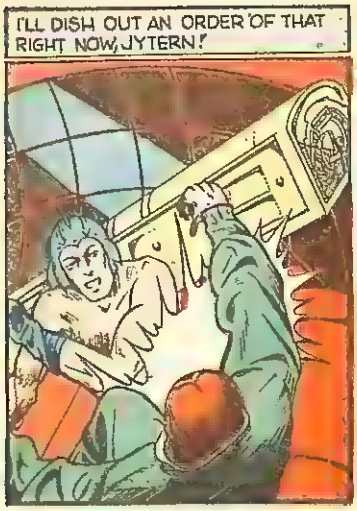

THIS IS JUST A STARTER FOR MURDERING THE GOVERNOR!

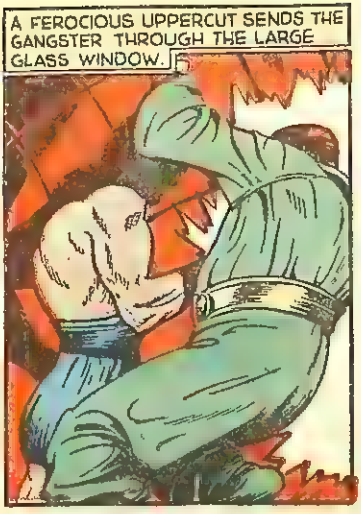
AHA! GUESTS!

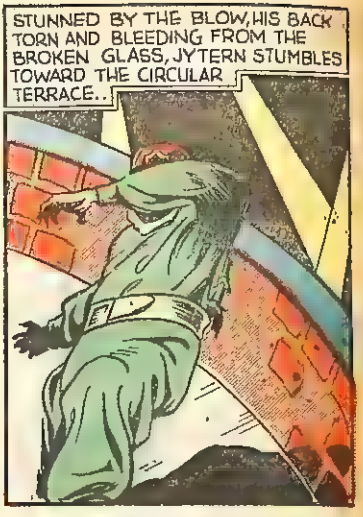
BUZZ HURLS BLOWS IN ALL DIRECTIONS IN THE DESPERATE BATTLE.

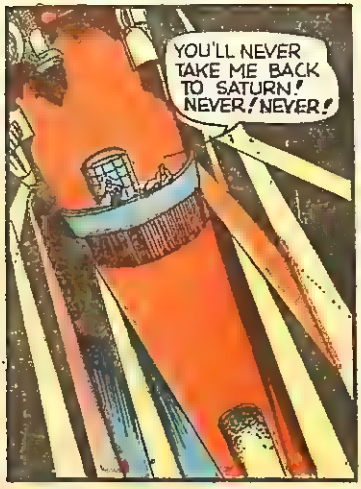
JYTERN TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE MOMENT AND ESCAPES..


MEANWHILE, BUZZ DOWNS THE LAST OF THE ATTACKERS...
THAT JYTERN SURE IS A SLIPPERY FELLOW!
HE'S LOCKED THE DOOR!
DRAWING HIS ROCKET GUN, BUZZ TEARS A HOLE IN THE SIDE OF THE WALL.
AHA.. THERE HE GOES UP THOSE STAIRS.
RACING UP THE STAIRS, BUZZ CRANDELL IS MOMENTARILY STOPPED BY A GROUP OF SENTRIES..
BUT A BLAST FROM HIS RAY GUN SENDS THEM FLYING IN EVERY DIRECTION.....
ENTERING A LARGE ROOM HE FACES A HUGE DETONATOR RAY MACHINE, BEHIND WHICH SITS JYTERN..
NOW MY MEDDLESOME YOUNG FOOL PREPARE TO DIE!
THESE MINING FIELDS ARE MINE! AND WITH THIS NEW MINERAL, I SHALL SOMEDAY CONTROL ALL SATURN; AND DEATH.. DEATH SHALL BE THE ORDER OF THE DAY...
5

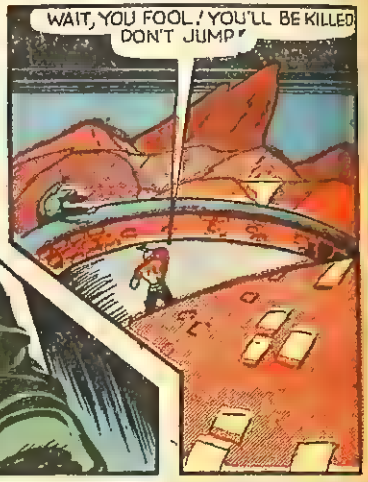

I'LL DISH OUT AN ORDER OF THAT RIGHT NOW, JYTERN!

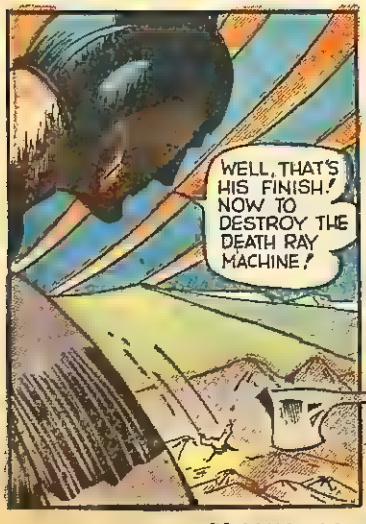

A FEROCIOUS UPPERCUT SENDS THE GANGSTER THROUGH THE LARGE GLASS WINDOW.

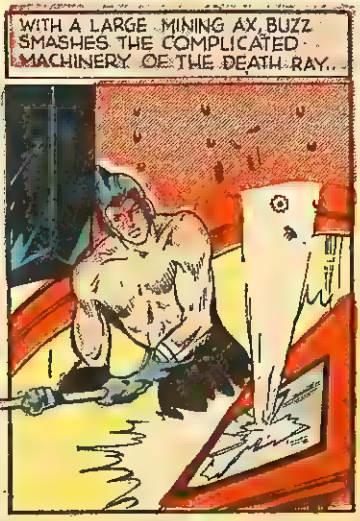

STUNNED BY THE BLOW, HIS BACK TORN AND BLEEDING FROM THE BROKEN GLASS, JYTERN STUMBLES TOWARD THE CIRCULAR TERRACE..

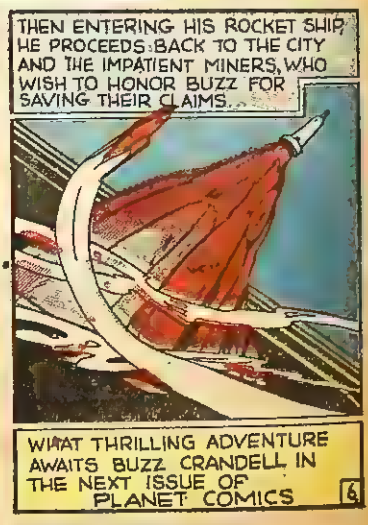

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME BACK TO SATURN! NEVER! NEVER!

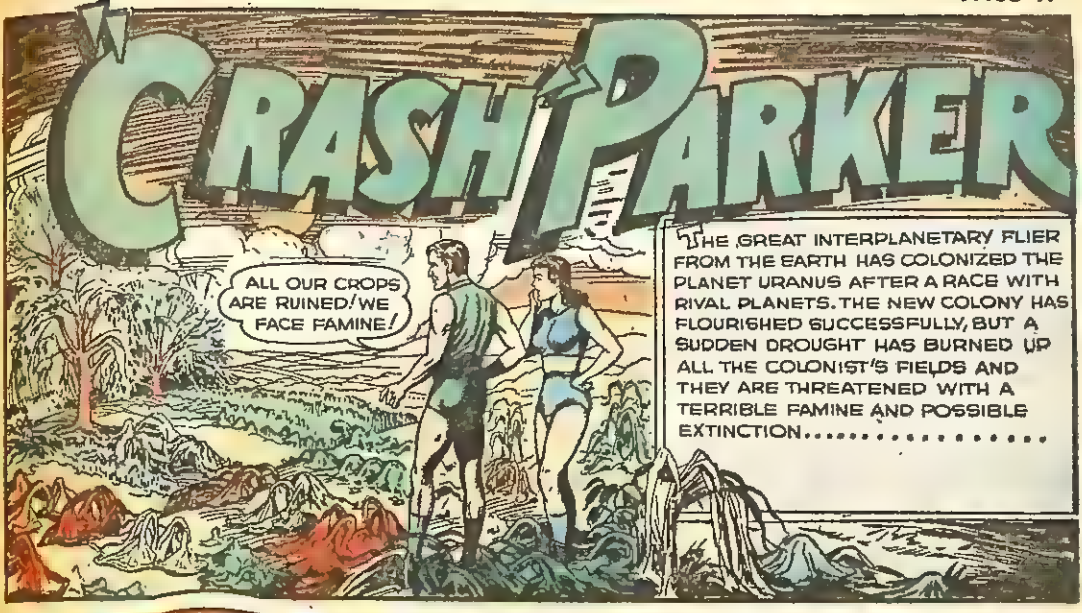
WHY I'LL...

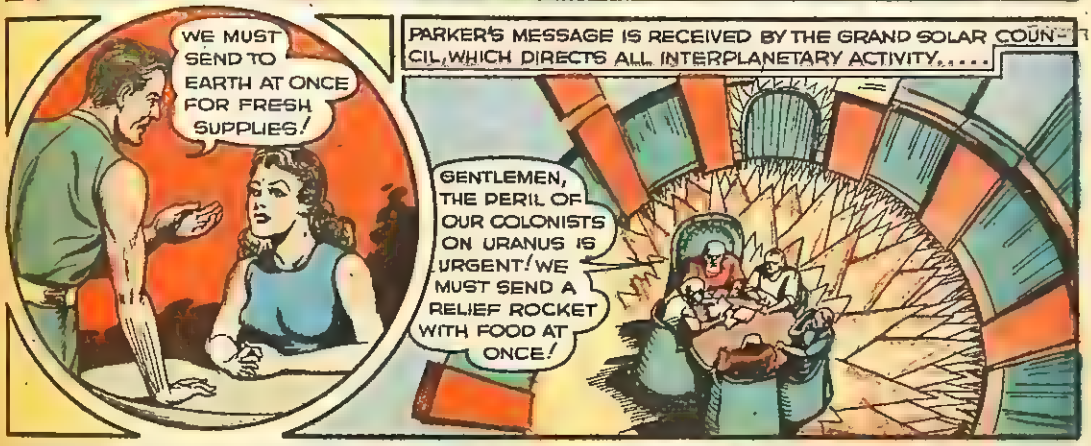

WAIT, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL BE KILLED DON'T JUMP!


WELL, THAT'S HIS FINISH! NOW TO DESTROY THE DEATH RAY MACHINE!


WITH A LARGE MINING AX, BUZZ SMASHES THE COMPLICATED MACHINERY OF THE DEATH RAY..


THEN ENTERING HIS ROCKET SHIP, HE PROCEEDS BACK TO THE CITY AND THE IMPATIENT MINERS, WHO WISH TO HONOR BUZZ FOR SAVING THEIR CLAIMS..
WHAT THRILLING ADVENTURE AWAITS BUZZ CRANDELL IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS
6

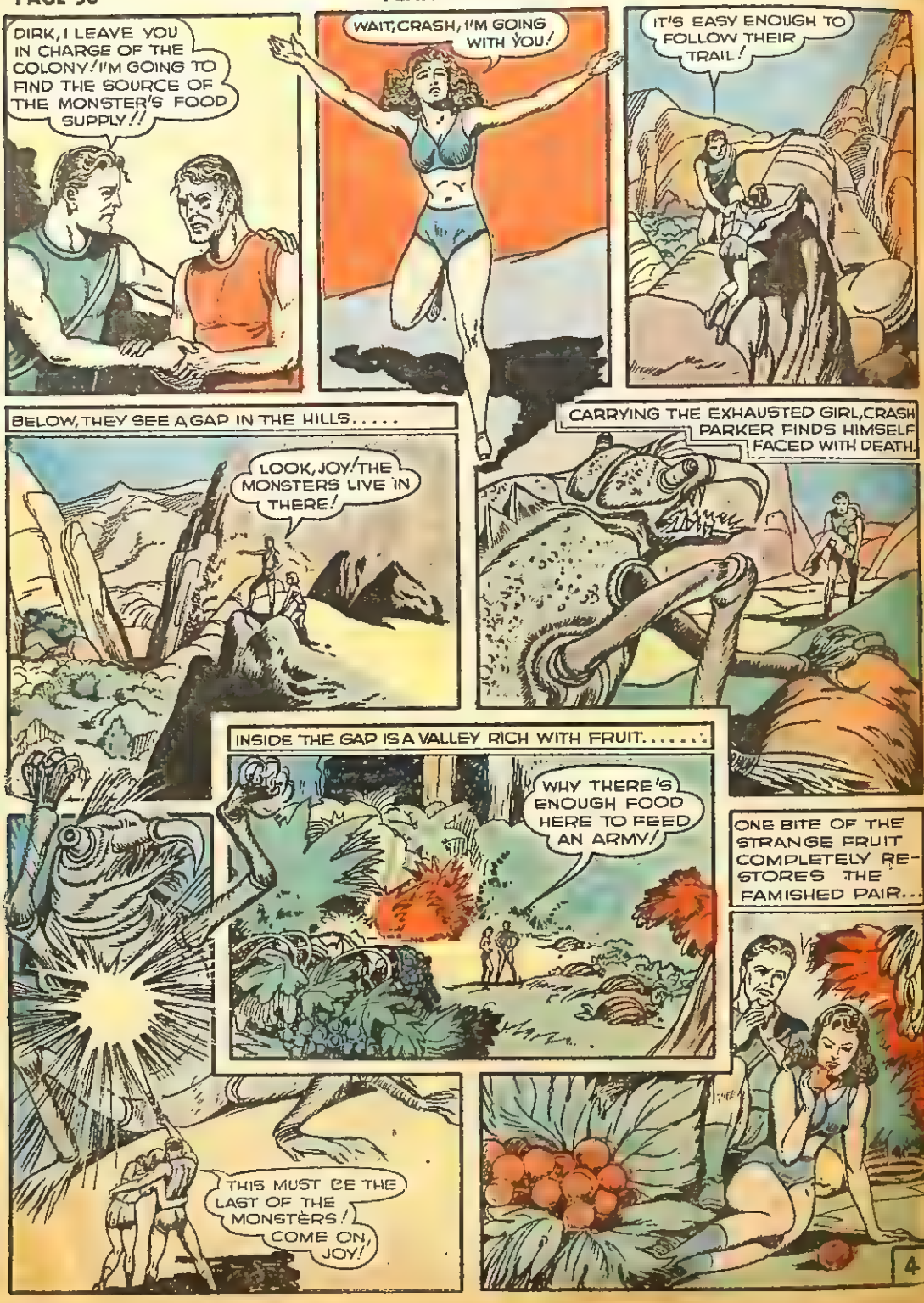

CRASH PARKER
ALL OUR CROPS ARE RUINED! WE FACE FAMINE!
THE GREAT INTERPLANETARY FLIER FROM THE EARTH HAS COLONIZED THE PLANET URANUS AFTER A RACE WITH RIVAL PLANETS. THE NEW COLONY HAS FLOURISHED SUCCESSFULLY, BUT A SUDDEN DROUGHT HAS BURNED UP ALL THE COLONIST'S FIELDS AND THEY ARE THREATENED WITH A TERRIBLE FAMINE AND POSSIBLE EXTINCTION.....


WE MUST SEND TO EARTH AT ONCE FOR FRESH SUPPLIES!
PARKER'S MESSAGE IS RECEIVED BY THE GRAND SOLAR COUNCIL, WHICH DIRECTS ALL INTERPLANETARY ACTIVITY.....
GENTLEMEN, THE PERIL OF OUR COLONISTS ON URANUS IS URGENT! WE MUST SEND A RELIEF ROCKET WITH FOOD AT ONCE!

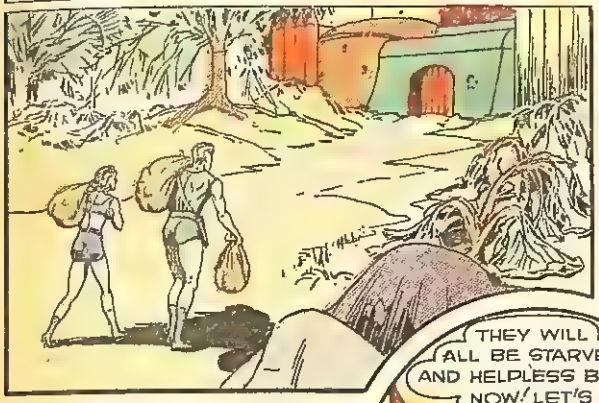
THE RELIEF ROCKET IS QUICKLY LOADED.....
THIS FOOD SHOULD ARRIVE IN TIME TO SAVE OUR MEN ON URANUS!

BUT, ON MARS, WHOSE KING, SIEGARA, COVETS THE NEW PLANET, URANUS, TROUBLE IS BREWING.....
I HAVE LEARNED THAT PLANET URANUS IS IN SERIOUS TROUBLE! NOW IS OUR TIME TO STRIKE!
YOUR MAJESTY, A RELIEF ROCKET FROM EARTH IS ON ITS WAY TO URANUS!
ORDER MY BATTLE ROCKET! THAT SHIP MUST BE STOPPED!!
THERE'S THE RELIEF! WE ATTACK AT ONCE!
THE SPACEOGRAPH SHOWS THAT THE MARTIANS HAVE INTERCEPTED OUR RELIEF SHIP!
"CRASH" URGES THE MEN TO BE PATIENT.....
MEN, WE'RE IN A BAD SPOT! BUT ANOTHER ROCKET WILL SURELY BE SENT FROM EARTH!
WHILE JOY ENCOURAGES THE WOMEN.....
DON'T LOSE HOPE! HELP WILL SURELY REACH US!
2

WE HAVE ONLY ENOUGH FOOD FOR TWO DAYS!
WE'LL HAVE TO CUT RATIONS AGAIN!
IF ONLY THE NEW RELIEF WILL COME! GOOD LORD! WHAT IS APPEARING IN THE SPACEOGRAPH!
A STRANGE MIGRATION OF HUGE MONSTERS IS SEEN APPROACHING
QUICKLY, CRASH TRAINS A DISINTEGRATOR ON THEM.
THEY ARE SPIDERILLOS! IF THEY REACH US, WE'RE DONE FOR!
ONLY ONE MONSTER ELUDES THE DISINTEGRATOR, BUT "CRASH'S" RAY BLASTS IT.....
THAT'S THAT!
WHAT'S HE LAUGHING ABOUT? HE MUST HAVE GONE CRAZY!
HA-HA-HA!! THIS IS JUST TO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
CRAZY, NOTHING !!! DON'T YOU SEE HOW FAT THIS THING IS?! THAT PROVES THAT THERE IS PLENTY OF FOOD SOMEWHERE ON THIS PLANET, AND I'M GOING TO FIND IT!!!
3


DIRK, I LEAVE YOU IN CHARGE OF THE COLONY! I'M GOING TO FIND THE SOURCE OF THE MONSTER'S FOOD SUPPLY!!
WAIT, CRASH, I'M GOING WITH YOU!
IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL!
BELOW, THEY SEE A GAP IN THE HILLS.....
LOOK, JOY! THE MONSTERS LIVE IN THERE!
CARRYING THE EXHAUSTED GIRL, CRASH PARKER FINDS HIMSELF FACED WITH DEATH.
INSIDE THE GAP IS A VALLEY RICH WITH FRUIT.....
WHY THERE'S ENOUGH FOOD HERE TO FEED AN ARMY!
ONE BITE OF THE STRANGE FRUIT COMPLETELY RESTORES THE FAMISHED PAIR...
THIS MUST BE THE LAST OF THE MONSTERS! COME ON, JOY!
4

CARRYING A LARGE SUPPLY OF THE LIFE-GIVING FRUIT, CRASH AND JOY RETURN.....



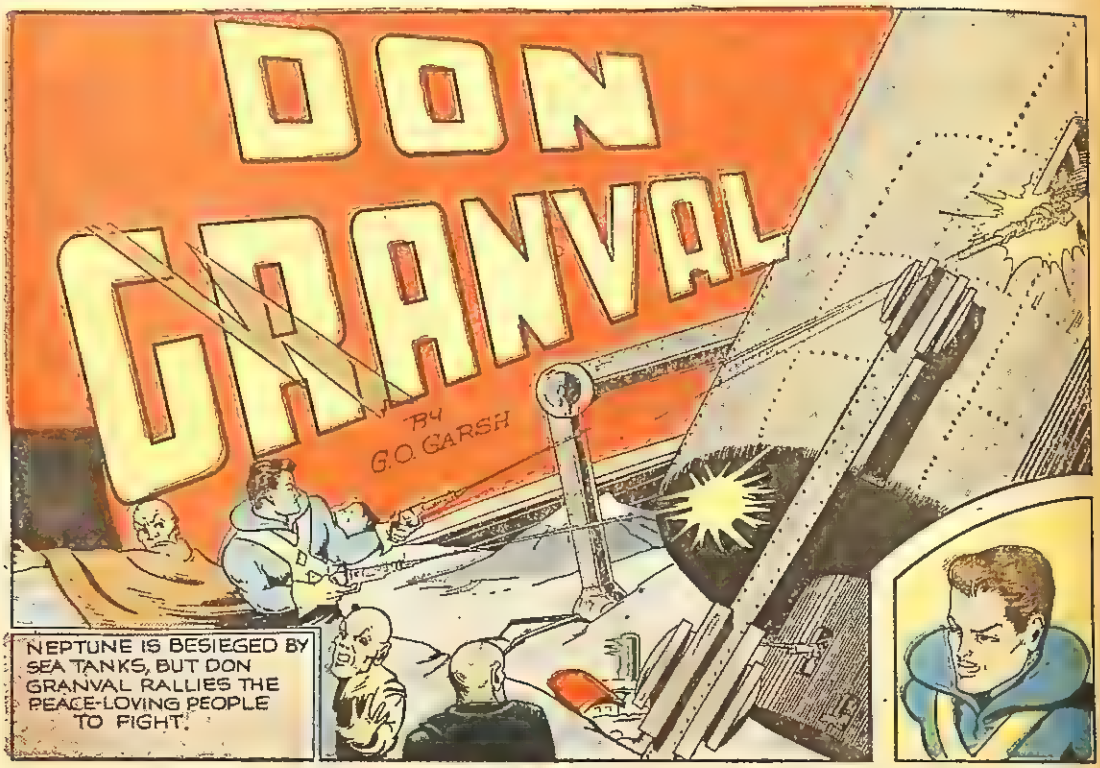
THE COLONISTS QUICKLY REVIVE.....

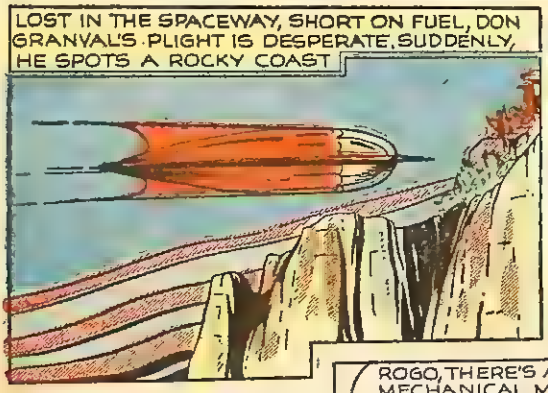
MEANWHILE, THE SHIP FROM MARS LANDS ON URANUS....

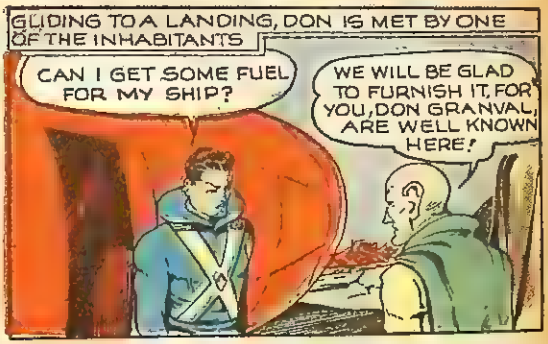
BUT THE WOULD-BE INVADERS GET A SURPRISING RECEPTION.

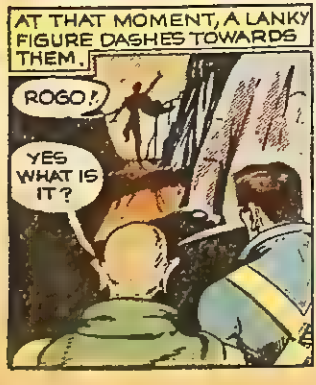
THE COLONISTS HARVEST THE FRUIT AND NEVER NEED FEAR ANOTHER FAMINE.....

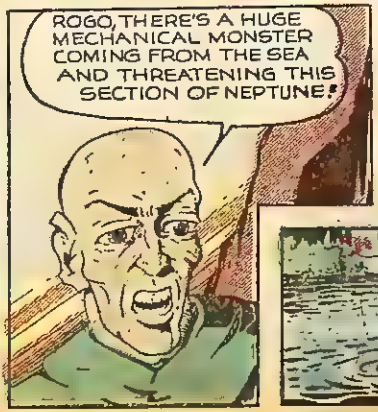
"CRASH" PARKER IS ACCOMPANIED BY JOY ON ANOTHER ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

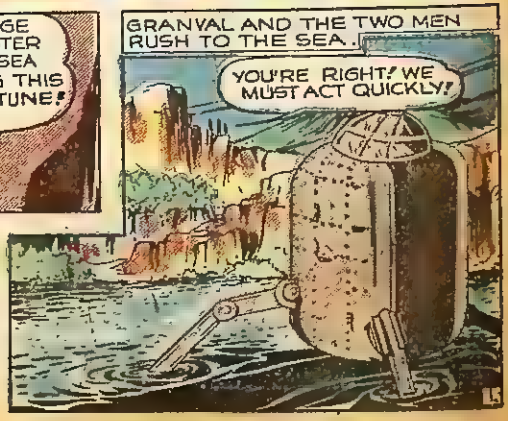

DON GRANVAL
BY G.O. GARSH
NEPTUNE IS BESIEGED BY SEA TANKS, BUT DON GRANVAL RALLIES THE PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE TO FIGHT.


LOST IN THE SPACEWAY, SHORT ON FUEL, DON GRANVAL'S PLIGHT IS DESPERATE. SUDDENLY, HE SPOTS A ROCKY COAST

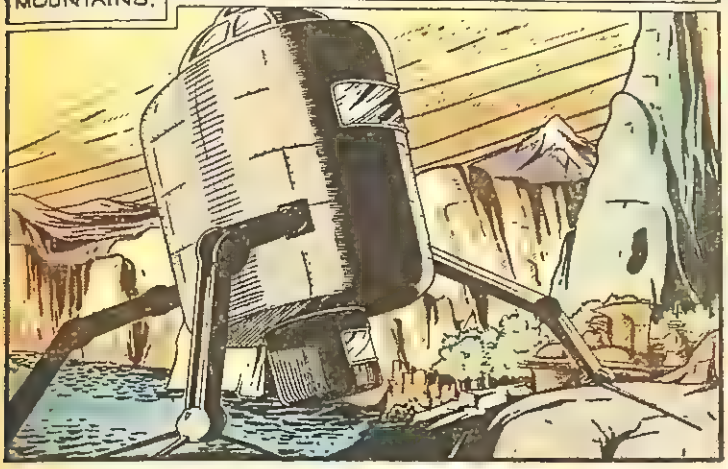

GLIDING TO A LANDING, DON IS MET BY ONE OF THE INHABITANTS
CAN I GET SOME FUEL FOR MY SHIP?
WE WILL BE GLAD TO FURNISH IT, FOR YOU, DON GRANVAL, ARE WELL KNOWN HERE!


AT THAT MOMENT, A LANKY FIGURE DASHES TOWARDS THEM.
ROGO!
YES WHAT IS IT?

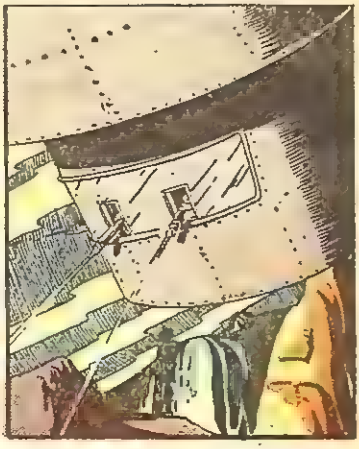

ROGO, THERE'S A HUGE MECHANICAL MONSTER COMING FROM THE SEA AND THREATENING THIS SECTION OF NEPTUNE!


GRANVAL AND THE TWO MEN RUSH TO THE SEA.
YOU'RE RIGHT! WE MUST ACT QUICKLY!

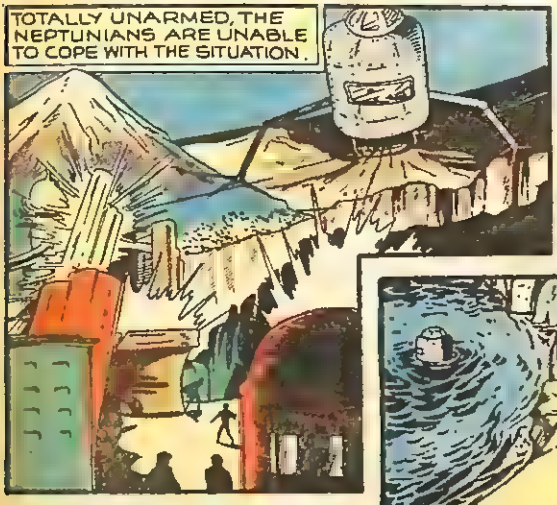
SWIFTLY, THE HUGE MACHINE MAKES ITS WAY OVER THE MOUNTAINS.



REACHING THE TOWN, GUNS BEGIN TO SPIT FLAME.



TOTALLY UNARMED, THE NEPTUNIANS ARE UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE SITUATION.



LEAVING THE TOWN IN RUINS, THE MONSTER RETURNS TO THE SEA.

BELIEVING THE GODS ANGRY WITH THEM, THE NEPTUNIANS GATHER TO ASCERTAIN A WAY OF APPEASING THEM.

ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT? THOSE MACHINES HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH WAR GODS! THEY ARE MAN MADE AND WE CAN DESTROY THEM!

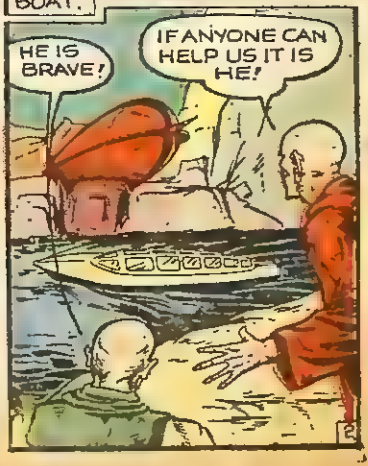
BUT WE HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF WAR, WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN PEACE!

THEN I'LL LEAD YOU! COME ON!

RETURNING TO HIS SHIP, DON OBTAINS A ROCKET SPEED BOAT.

HE IS BRAVE!

IF ANYONE CAN HELP US IT IS HE!

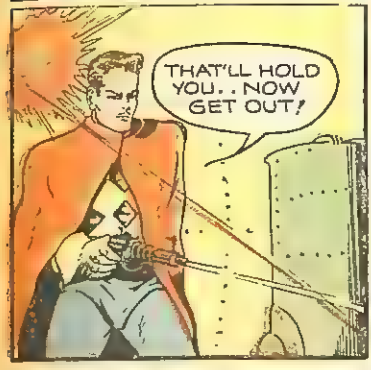


FILLING THE SHIP WITH VOLUNTEERS, GRANVAL SHOVES OFF.
GRAWAY, HAVE YOUR MEN CLIMB INTO THOSE SPACE SUITS!
RIGHT!
AT FULL SPEED, DON SEARCHES THE BAY FOR A HIDDEN BASE.
THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING HERE!
LIKE A SMALL CHIP, THE BOAT IS SPUN ABOUT
THEN WITH A GREAT HISSING SOUND, IT IS PULLED BENEATH THE SURFACE.
AS THEY ENTER A COVE, THE BOAT IS CAUGHT IN A POWERFUL CURRENT.
WE'RE HELPLESS! THE CURRENT IS STRONGER THAN MY MOTORS!
SWIFTLY, THE MEN BREAK OUT, AS THE BOAT BURIES ITS NOSE IN THE SOFT MUD.
PROTECTED BY THEIR SPACE SUITS, GRANVAL LEADS THE WAY ALONG THE BOTTOM.
SUDDENLY, THEY COME TO A HUGE DOOR SET IN SOLID ROCK.
THAT MUST BE THEIR HEADQUARTERS.
3

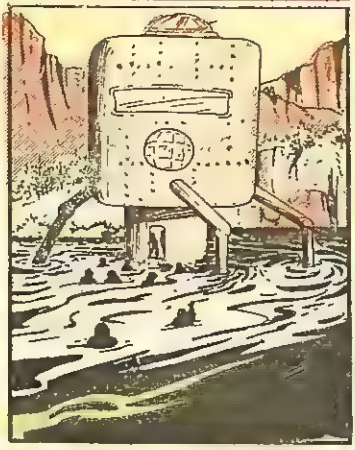
DRAWING HIS RAY GUN, DON BLASTS THE LOCK FROM THE DOOR.
THEY ENTER A HUGE AIR LOCK.
KEEP YOUR GUNS READY, MEN!
GRANVAL DISCOVERS THE MAMMOTH PUMPS.
CLOSE THOSE DOORS! I'LL PUMP THE WATER OUT!
PASSING THROUGH THE GATE, THEY HALT AT THE SIGHT OF THE BEAUTIFUL UNDERGROUND CITY.
SUDDENLY, A GUARD CONFRONTS THEM WITH A LEVELED GUN.
DON'T MAKE A MOVE! START WALKING UP THE ROAD!
O.K., DON, GO AHEAD!
GRANVAL STARTS THE MOTORS. IN A SHORT WHILE, THE CHAMBER IS FREE OF WATER.
BUT AS DON MOVES BY THE GUARD, HE SPRINGS, KNOCKING HIM DOWN
FLIPPING OPEN THE VISOR OF THE HELMET, HE POINTS HIS GUN AT THE GUARD.
TAKE HIS HELMET OFF! HURRY!
O.K.
A FEW MINUTES LATER, GRANVAL IS ATTIRED IN THE GUARD'S UNIFORM.
HERE COMES ANOTHER GUARD! DO AS I SAY!
SWIFTLY, THE SECOND GUARD APPROACHES AND UNKNOWINGLY SPEAKS TO GRANVAL.
LIEUTENANT, THE RULER WILL SEE THE PRISONERS AT ONCE!

QUICKLY, THEY ARE BROUGHT BEFORE RIBORO, LEADER OF THE UNDERGROUND CITY.
SO THIS IS THE WOULD-BE DICTATOR!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND YOUR WAY HERE, BUT YOU'LL NEVER RETURN!
AND AS FOR YOUR PEOPLE, I SHALL DESTROY YOUR CITIES ONE BY ONE!
POINTING TO DON GRANVAL, HE SHOUTS. . .
LIEUTENANT! COME HERE!
TAKE ANOTHER SEA TANK AND MAKE A SERIES OF RAIDS ALONG THE COAST! DEMORALIZE THEM AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE!
YES, SIR!
QUICKLY, DON HEADS FOR THE HUGE SEA TANKS.
THIS GIVES ME A CHANCE TO TURN THE TABLES!
AT FULL SPEED, THE TANK MOVES ALONG THE BED OF THE OCEAN.
AT A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE CITY, GRANVAL TURNS ON THE CREW.
PUT YOUR HANDS UP QUICKLY!
!?
?
UNSEEN BY DON, ONE OF THE CREW STEALTHILY DRAWS A RAY GUN.
WE ARE ON THE SURFACE! GET OUT!

THE HURRIED SHOT WHIZZES PAST HIS HEAD. DON SHOOTS THE GUN FROM HIS HAND.

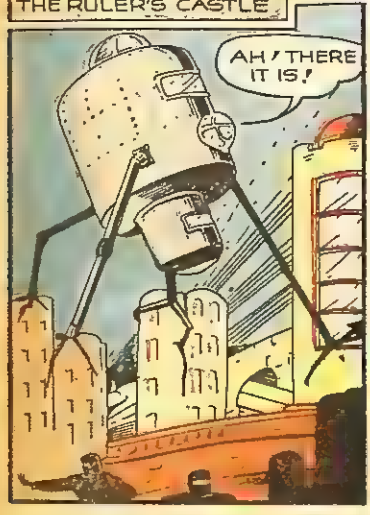


THE UNWILLING CREW IS FORCED INTO THE WATER.



ALONE, GRANVAL RETURNS TO THE UNDERWATER CITY.

WALKING THE MACHINE OVER BUILDINGS, HE HEADS FOR THE RULER'S CASTLE.



RIGORO RUSHES TO THE WINDOW AND WALKS INTO GRANVAL'S GUNFIRE.

DON TRIES TO HAVE THE TWO NATIONS SIGN A TREATY.

AS RIGOR SUPPOSEDLY GOES FOR PAPER, HE STEPS ON A SECRET BUTTON.

A GUN, RELEASED BY THE BUTTON THROWS LIQUID FLAME AT THE SEA TANK.

BUT GRANVAL LEAPS CLEAR OF IT AND CHASES THE FLEEING RULER.

UP THROUGH A DANK PASSAGE, RUNS THE SURPRISINGLY FAST RIGORO
HEH! HEH! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! NEVER!
BUT RIGORO'S GLEE TURNS TO DISMAY, AS REACHING THE ROOF HE FINDS HIS SHIP GONE.
GONE!?
GRANVAL CLOSES IN ON RIGORO.
AND LEADS OFF WITH A POWERFUL RIGHT.
I'LL KILL YOU!
TALK IS CHEAP!
SUDDENLY, RIGORO CATCHES DON WITH A ROUNDHOUSE BLOW.
RIGORO SPRINGS AT DON GRANVAL READY TO LAND ON HIM WITH THE FULL WEIGHT OF HIS 350 LBS.
BUT HIS TERRIFIC JUMP LANDS HIM PAST DON AND HE FALLS OVER THE EDGE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED FOOT HIGH EDIFICE
YAA A!
WITH THE CRAFTY RIGORO GONE, A TREATY IS SIGNED.
GRANVAL, WE LIVED IN MORTAL FEAR OF RIGORO, BUT NOW OUR PLANETS SHALL LIVE IN PEACE AND HARMONY!
IN THE NEXT ISSUE, DON GRANVAL RETURNS IN AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

COSMO CORRIGAN

THE YOUNG DARE-DEVIL STUNT FLIER OF SPACE!!! HE'LL RISK HIS NECK FOR A LAUGH...AND PRANKS HIS WAY INTO A PECK OF TROUBLE ON THE SUB-ZERO PLANET OF PLUTO!

By RAY ALEXANDER

ON AN ASTEROID OUTPOST.....

JUST SENT CORRIGAN UP AFTER A SPACE PIRATE...IF HE TRIES ANY OF HIS FOOL STUNTS, I'LL...

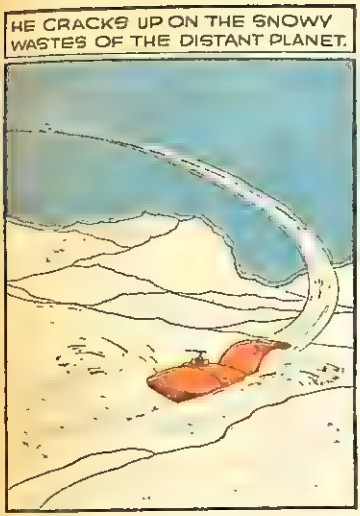
COSMO SOARS UP, WHIRLING HIS SHIP LIKE A TOP AS HE ASCENDS.

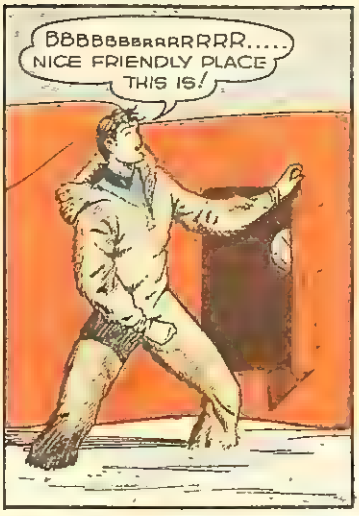
THE CAPTAIN'S ANGER RISES, AS HE WATCHES ON HIS TELO-SCREEN.....

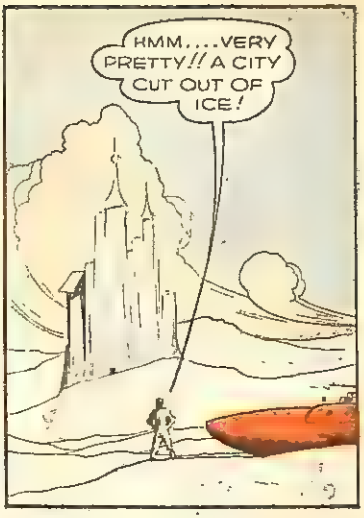
ALL HIS LIGHTS ON AND CAVORTING AROUND LIKE A HULA DANCER! THE PIRATE SHIP IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR HIM!

BUT, JUST AS THE BANDIT SHIP OPENS FIRE, COSMO FLIPS ABOUT LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING.....

AND RAMS THE PIRATE AMIDSHIPS, CUTTING HIS WAY THROUGH.....
HO! BOY! OH, BOY! NOW TO TAKE MY MEDICINE FROM THE CAPTAIN!
WELL, YOU GOT YOUR MAN.... (HARUMPH).... BUT I THOROUGHLY DISAPPROVE OF YOUR METHOD! AND SO....
YOUR FOOLHARDY MANEUVERS HAVE EARNED YOU A NEW POST...ON THE FREEZING PLANET, PLUTO!
COSMO CORRIGAN, YOU ARE HEREBY ORDERED TO ESTABLISH A SPACE BASE ON PLUTO!
I HATED TO DO IT, BUT IT'S FOR THE LAD'S OWN GOOD!
ON HIS WAY TO THE NEW POST, COSMO AMUSES HIMSELF.....
IF THAT CAN WAS THE CAPTAIN, OH BOY!
PING!
SETTING HIS AUTOMATIC CONTROLS, HE RELAXES.
ZZZZZZ!!
LISSEN, CAP'N, I CAN LICK ANYONE IN SPACE, SEE? ZZZZzzz!!
BUT HE FORGETS THAT HIS DELICATE INSTRUMENTS WILL CRACK IN THE FREEZING ATMOSPHERE OF PLUTO.
2


HE CRACKS UP ON THE SNOWY WASTES OF THE DISTANT PLANET.


BBBBBBBRRRRRRR..... NICE FRIENDLY PLACE THIS IS!


HMM....VERY PRETTY!! A CITY CUT OUT OF ICE!

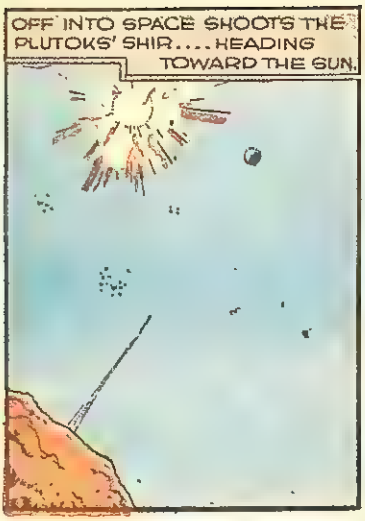
B-BUT IT'S C-COLD HERE....EVEN THIS C-CAT SKIN WON'T K-KEEP ME WARM!

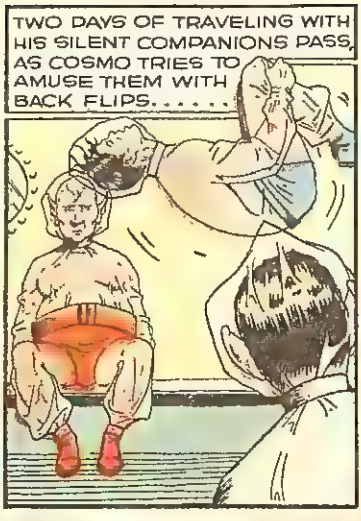
AMAZING! ALL THEY'VE GOT ON IS A CELLOPHANE WRAPPER AND I'M FREEZIN'!

SORRY, I HAD TO DO THIS, PAL, BUT I'D LIKE TO TRY ON YOUR RAIN COAT!

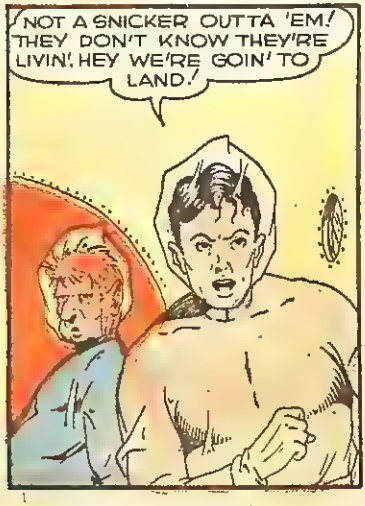
COSMO JOINS THE MARCHING PLUTOKS.....
THIS IS MUCH BETTER! THESE THINGS SURE KEEP OUT THE SHIVERS!

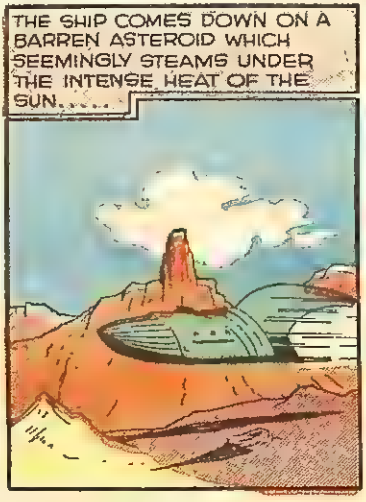
BEFORE I INTRODUCE MYSELF, I'LL DO SOME SECRET INVESTIGATING TO SEE WHAT THESE FELLOWS ARE UP TO! AH! A ROCKET!

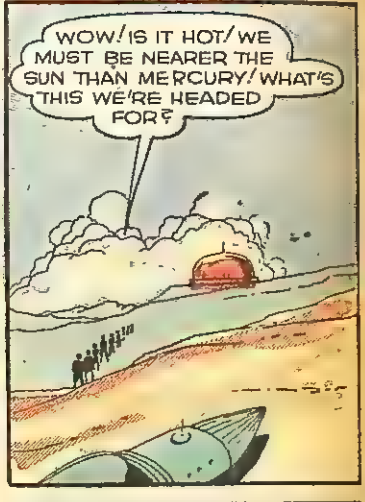

OFF INTO SPACE SHOOTS THE PLUTOKS' SHIP.... HEADING TOWARD THE SUN.

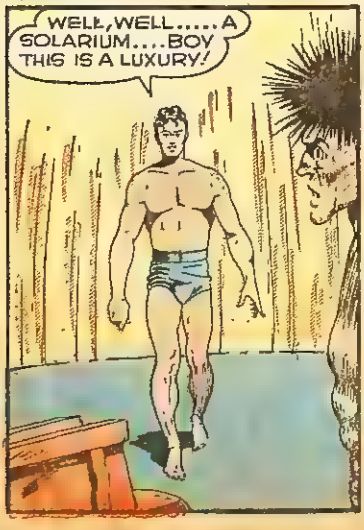

TWO DAYS OF TRAVELING WITH HIS SILENT COMPANIONS PASS, AS COSMO TRIES TO AMUSE THEM WITH BACK FLIPS.....

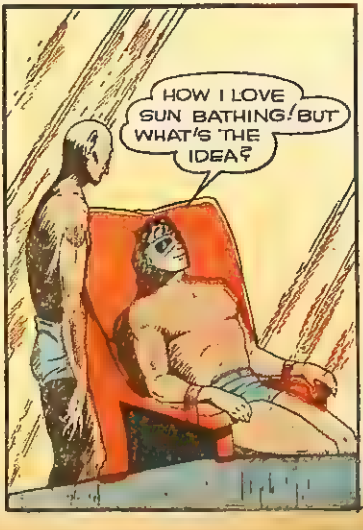
MAYBE I CAN GET A LAUGH OUTTA THESE BOZOS.... NOW WATCH THE LITTLE COIN CLOSELY!!


NOT A SNICKER OUTTA 'EM! THEY DON'T KNOW THEY'RE LIVIN'! HEY WE'RE GOIN' TO LAND!


THE SHIP COMES DOWN ON A BARREN ASTEROID WHICH SEEMINGLY STEAMS UNDER THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE SUN.....


WOW! IS IT HOT! WE MUST BE NEARER THE SUN THAN MERCURY! WHAT'S THIS WE'RE HEADED FOR?


WELL, WELL..... A SOLARIUM.... BOY THIS IS A LUXURY!


HOW I LOVE SUN BATHING! BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA?

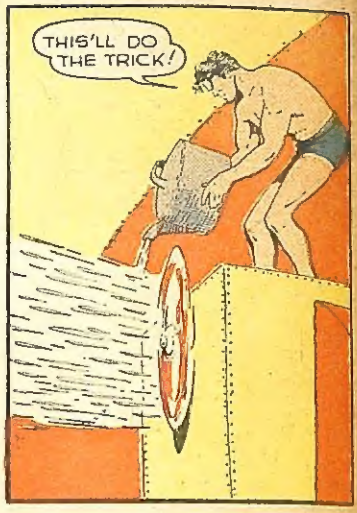
BUT, TWO SECONDS LATER.....
YEEOOW!!
I'M BEIN' ROASTED!

GANGWAY!! I DON'T SEE HOW THOSE OTHER BIRDS CAN STAND IT!
MAYBE YOUR PLUTOKS NEED THE FAT BAKED OUT OF THEM, BUT NOT ME!
TAKE THAT!
OOF!
HOLD, STRANGER, WE DID NOT NOTICE THAT YOU WERE NOT ONE OF US!
OUR PEOPLE MUST BE BAKED TO WITHSTAND THE COLD ON PLUTO!
...BUT YOU MUST LEAVE!!
THE 'BAKED' PLUTOKS' SHIP LEAVES THE STEAMING ASTEROID.....
HEY! SOMETHING IS BURNING DOWN THERE!
DID YOU FORGET ABOUT THE COOKIES IN YOUR OVEN?

A THICK CLOUD OF SMOKE ISSUES FROM THE DOOR OF THE BAKING STATION.....

WHAT THOSE POOR GUYS NEED IS A NICE REFRESHING SHOWER!

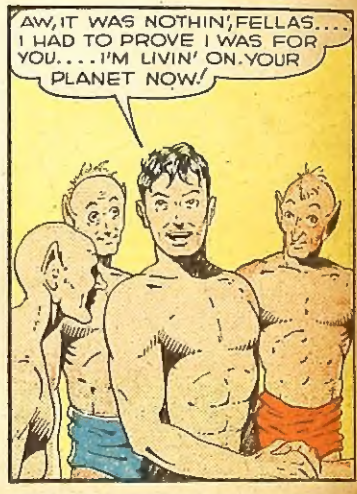
THIS'LL DO THE TRICK!



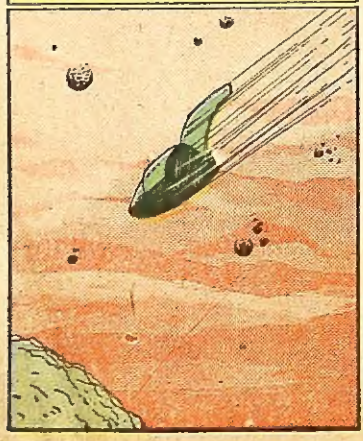
AS COSMO SPRAYS THE FAN WITH WATER, THE "BAKED" PLUTOKS RUSH TO THE RESCUE.....

ALMOST BURNED TO A CRISP, THE CREATURES WELCOME THE COOLING WATER.....

AW, IT WAS NOTHIN', FELLAS.... I HAD TO PROVE I WAS FOR YOU.... I'M LIVIN' ON YOUR PLANET NOW!



BACK TO PLUTO GOES THE SHIP WITH ITS CARGO OF SUN-BAKED PLUTOKS.... AND.....



COSMO CORRIGAN.....WHO ESTABLISHES HIS BASE IN THE SNOW, CONTENT IN HIS OWN, UN-HARDENED SKIN AND THE TRANSPARENT WRAPPER.

IF THE CAPTAIN COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW! KEEPIN' NICE AND FRESH IN CELLO-PHANE!

ANOTHER THRILLING STORY OF COSMO CORRIGAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET!

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LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE WHEN YOU BUY!

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JUMBO COMICS
"THE MOST OF THE BEST"
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ZX-5 SPIES IN ACTION
THE HAWK in "PIRATE ISLAND"

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2nd— 15.00 Kenneth Woodman, 10, Ft. Frances, Ont.
3rd— 10.00 Margaret Davis, 15, Springfield, Ohio
4th— 5.00 Nathan Bogoch, 14, Winnipeg, Man.

$1.00 PRIZES TO

Forgya Anderson, 15, Jackson, Ky. George Conley, 11, Albuquerque, N. M. Ray Lawton, 13, Schenectady, N. Y. Rena Selders, 15, Springfield, Mass. Richard Carrillo, 16, Los Angeles. William Gately, 14, Newark, N. J. Robert Haigh, 13, Chicago, Ill. Diane Merritt, 12, San Francisco. Philip Smith, 13, Hot Spring, Va. Wallace Whitley, 13, Georgiana, Ala. Frank Green, 12, Haddonfield, N. J. Olive Boline, 12, Washington, Ga. Mildred Huckstep, 13, Washington, D. C. Sally Adams, 8, Carrollton, Mo. Stephen Price, 9, E. Brownfield, Me. Theresa Garcia, 14, Manteca, Cal. Geraldine Hall, 9, Roanoke, Va. Tony Marquez, 15, Glendale, Cal. Porter Smith, Vivian, La. Bobby Sides, Lilbouvn, Mo. Alex Tatenborst, 12, Atlanta, Ga. Doris Hudson, Daytona Beach, Fla. S. E. Pursel, 9, Phillipsburg, N. J. Gladys Bryant, 10, Springwater, N. Y. Betty Clark, 13, Washington, D. C. Royo Standley, 14, Bucklin, Mo. Mary Mrja, 8, Nopeming, Minn. Albert Pilling, 8, Hayward, Cal. Mary Geisur, 13, Waco, Tex. Dario Corsi, 14, Detroit, Mich. Mary Lee Harford, 10, Parlier, Cal. Leroy Jones, 11, Lucedale, Miss. Harry Hooper, 12, Lake Charles, La. Sterling Wade, 12, Roxboro, N. C. Thelston Wallace, 12, Alto, Tex. Wm. Prince, 13, E. Providence, R. I. Frances McGraw, 16, Lancaster, Ohio. Sylvia Kretzo, 10, Detroit, Mich. Donald Dally, 11, Borger, Tex. Janet Wadsworth, 10, Springfield, Ill. William Deitch, 7, Hazleton, Pa. John Kennedy, 9, New York, N. Y. Winnie Blake, 10, Toronto, Ont. Gladys Martin, 13, Saudersburg, Pa. Margaret Cowart, 9, Philadelphia, Pa.

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